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THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER VI.

Frederic hastened to obey the injunctions of his magician. He hired, as a domestic, a poor fellow whom he had known during his college life, and with whose intelligence and activity he was well acquainted: he dressed him in a rich suit of livery, and installed him in his office. He then agreed with a carriage maker for the hire of an elegant equipage, upon which he had the arms of De Neuberg painted; and so saw himself able to attend the court in a suitable manner. After these first steps, he was hurrying out to visit the University and rejoin his former friends; when his landlord stopped him and took him aside.

"Pardon me, Baron, I fear that I may seem indiscreet; but I must give you some warning. You are young and handsome;—have you not some jealous rival, some bitter enemy?"

"Why do you ask, my dear M. Leibmann?"

"I think that you are watched. Some ill-looking fellows have been prowling round the hotel. They have even been asking questions. I myself replied to them. But I warn you to be on your guard, and to be well armed when you go out. It is so easy to force a quarrel, and to give you a dangerous blow. Are you in fact Counsellor Inspector?"

"Yes, M. Leibmann, I have been so nominated."

"Ah! I congratulate you. This, then, accounts for it. Be prudent, I pray you; trust to my experience. Are you sure of your new domestic?"

"Very sure; I knew him well at college."

"So much the better; at all events I will have my eye upon him."

"I thank you for your interest and good advice, M. Leibmann."

Here was another cause for perplexity! Frederic, however, hastened to the tavern in which he knew his old college friends were accustomed to meet. Scarcely had he entered, when he saw Ludwig seated at a table with an individual whose appearance at once inspired him with distrust. He approached gently and without noise, so that he could hear their conversation without being seen.

"Frederic de Neuberg!" said Ludwig, in his loud voice. "Good! you knew him? I congratulate you. He is a capital fellow, by my faith!—to his health!"

"He has made his way well and quickly," said the individual.

"Ah!" said Ludwig, "if he has been on the way ever since I saw him, he is far enough by this time."

"Far? Why, I shook hands with him but yesterday."

"Yesterday! confusion, my dear fellow. I drank my last cup of wine with him last week. He was intent upon his departure, though he had but a light purse."

"Ah! indeed. He has probably found the means of filling it. He was very intimate, was he not with a certain Rosenheim?"

"Rosenheim! Don't know a student of that name."

"He was not a student—"

"No! he is a count!" suddenly interrupted Frederic, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker. "Confound it, sir, you seem to be deeply interested in my conduct and my affairs."

"Hallo! it is Frederic!" shouted Ludwig, greatly surprised. As for the other individual, his surprise was even greater, and he trembled like one caught in a flagrant crime.

"By heaven, rascal, you drive a villainous trade!" said Frederic to him. "To me, Ludwig, to me, comrades, here is a spy."

"A spy!" shouted Ludwig, with fury. "I have been drinking with a spy! I have clinked with a spy! Well, rascal, we'll clink again!" and with these words he dashed his glass at his head.

At Ludwig's cry, all the students that were in the room rose tumultuously, and about twenty young men precipitated themselves upon the poor rascal, who, trembling all over, endeavored to dart under one of the tables. But the strong hand of Ludwig was upon his collar, and he was dragged into the middle of the room.

"One moment, one moment," said Frederic. "Friends, let us show some moderation; this gentleman follows a dirty trade, it is true; well, I propose to wash him—"

"Hurra! capital!" shouted the students; "to the pump! to the pump!"

"To the pump," shouted Ludwig, in his stentorian voice, and almost throttling the wretch, he dragged him into the yard, whither the rest followed, helping him on by a few gentle applications of their feet from behind. He was thrown into the basin under the pump, and while held there by a few vigorous arms, received the suffocating stream upon his devoted head. He was finally released, and took to flight, running the gauntelet through the ranks of the amused though incensed students.

"Enough of water for the present," cried Frederic, re-entering the tavern. "Some wine, boys, wine!" and he threw his well-filled purse upon the table.

Ludwig seized and shook it loudly.

"Money, money! how is that, Frederic?"

"Nothing more simple, comrades," said the young man, in the midst of general silence. "When I quitted you the other evening, you lended me a fortune!"

"And you have found one!" said Ludwig. "Oh, this chance!"

"Not so, but something analagous to it. I am an old friend of my family; he has zealously assisted me, and such as you see me, I now Counsellor Inspector of the Domains."

"Bravo, bravo, bravissimo!" shouted Ludwig and the rest. "Counsellor, come here till I embrace you!"

"Yes, Counsellor; but always a student at heart?"

This was followed by another general shout. At the sight of the money the waiters had redoubled their activity. The table was covered with bottles as if by enchantment, and disappeared with the same rapidity.

"But I ought to tell you, my friends, that greatness has its own perils. We have all read that in the words of Horace—

"'Summos feriunt Fulmina montes!'"

"That is true," said Ludwig.

"And I, I have some envious foes."

"Not possible! so good a comrade!"

"Enemies, who wish to see me six feet under ground."

"The rascals!"

"And who are willing to put me there."

"The cut-throats!"

"So if you should one day miss me, it will be because they have assassinated me."

"The foul fiend fly away with them!"

And all rose—at least all those who could still stand.

"I depend upon you to avenge me!" said Frederic, in a dramatic strain.

"With life! till death!" repeated the students, with an enthusiasm impossible to be described.

* * * * * * * * *

As soon as he could escape from the Bacchanalian enjoyments, which proved to him the enthusiasm of his former fellow students, and after having appointed a meeting with Ludwig for that evening at the Golden Lion, Frederic left the tavern. He had resolved to take advantage of the unexpected incident that had occurred, to intimidate his enemies, and he wrote the following short note to Baron Grossenstein:

"The possessor of the ring warns Baron G. that it will be useless to employ against him the manœuvres to which he seems willing to have recourse. He is perfectly informed of them, and is in a condition to make Baron G. and his satellites repent their hostility, both secret and open. He has contented himself with slightly punishing one of his creatures; but he warns the Baron that on the next attempt, he will bring the real author to account, and punish him accordingly.

"MENS CONSCIA RECTI."

Information of the tavern scene had already been conveyed to Grossenstein, and this letter completed his perplexity; a frightful oath escaped him.

"Who then is this young man?" he muttered, closing his desk with a furious gesture. At this moment a young page in the livery of the Marchioness brought him another missive.

"I have seen the demon and conversed with him for some time. He seems very dangerous, but sociable. A treaty of peace appears possible, and better than war. Come and talk it over."

"Amelia is right," said Grossenstein. "It now remains to learn what are the conditions. It is true that at the end of a short time we may find means to liquidate the debt; we shall see! Bernell!"

"Your excellency?"

"I am going to the Marchioness. Send for me if I am wanted."

Frederic on his part had doubled his activity. The contest was begun, and he perceived it would be so dangerous, that he would have need of all his foresight and all his resources. He had already made himself acquainted with the duties required from him, and he determined to enter upon them from that moment. He ordered his carriage and made a tour of observation. He made himself known to all his subalterns, astonished them by the extent of his knowledge, by his aptness and his affability. In fine, the new Inspector succeeded everywhere. Neither did he neglect the intrigues of the court. Profiting by some transaction in his department, he went to the palace, and communicated it to the private secretary; paying him every deference, but at the same time showing him that he possessed so intimate an acquaintance with the duties of his office, that the latter was greatly delighted.

"In truth, Baron de Neuberg," said he, "you really surprise me. If I may speak frankly, I did not expect from one of your age so much knowledge of business and of the duties of an office to which you were but yesterday a stranger. I am myself personally informed of some of the affairs of which you have spoken; but, heretofore, I am sorry to say that his highness has kept himself too much aloof from the business of the administration. It is a misfortune, for it has given rise to many abuses; but I am sure he will be greatly pleased with your zeal. He returned from hunting this morning; I am going to him and I will take care to make particular mention of you. I depend upon your being presented to-morrow evening; is it not so?"

"I will be governed by your advice, nevertheless I am very anxious."

"Of course—without doubt. Adieu then till to-morrow"—and with a friendly shaking of hands they separated.

Frederic was well satisfied with the success of his measure, and returned in a cheerful mood to the Golden Lion. He there found Ludwig, already very uneasy at his prolonged absence, and another letter from his unknown. Its contents drove for the time every other thought from his mind; there were two important and alarming directions enforced upon him:—1st. On the evening of the reception, and in the presence of the Prince, to strike his favorite, the Chevalier Rudolph. 2nd. To appoint a private meeting with Amelia, Marchioness of Zeft, in her parlor at the palace. Accompanying the letter were the necessary documents to justify his conduct; and another talismanic ring with the name of Amelia engraved upon its surface!

We may readily understand that Frederic paid little attention to the idle talk of his companion.

FREDERIC UNMASKING LUDOLPH.

CHAPTER VII.

At the very moment, when Frederic, in full court dress, was about to enter his carriage and betake himself to the reception rooms of the palace, his host handed him a packet, small enough, but of considerable weight. He opened it hastily and found three rouleaux of gold pieces and a letter.

"My dear Frederic, I forgot to tell you that the Prince is fond of play, and that he likes to see one lose and gain with indifference; it is in his eyes the mark of a liberal and disinterested character. Play deep, lose and gain and double always. He will perceive it and will be delighted.

"Do not forget Ludolph and Amelia. The contest is begun. You must strike, and strike quickly, or all is lost. You will have to do with demons; but be sure of success if you follow my instructions. I am without anxiety, for your past gives me confidence in your future conduct. Your courage and presence of mind will suffice against Ludolph, and the remembrance of Constance against Amelia. Forget not the talisman. M. C. R."

Frederic entered his carriage and drove rapidly to the palace. The assembly was numerous and brilliant. When the name of Frederic, Baron de Neuberg, Counsellor Inspector of the Domains was announced, there was a general movement of curiosity, and all eyes were turned upon the new comer. The impression was favorable. He eclipsed all in the saloon. The ladies were evidently of this opinion; the men shrugged their shoulders.

"Counsellor Inspector!" murmured one. "What! this white faced minion, this baby! Of what was M. de Grossenstein thinking?"

"It is singular!" said one of the ladies. "How comes it we have never seen this Baron de Neuberg? But he is charming, my dear. Quite an accession to society! M. de Grossenstein is sometimes fortunate!"

On his part, Frederic profited by his advantages. After a friendly shake of the hand from the private secretary, he boldly advanced towards the Marchioness at the upper end of the saloon, and penetrating the surrounding crowd, gaily saluted her.

"My first anxiety, madame," said he to her, "is to pay my homage to you. The time has appeared so long since I had the happiness of seeing you, that I could not wait a moment longer."

"In truth, Baron, I am really pleased with your devotion; admitting that it is sincere."

"I cannot permit it to be doubted."

"Truly yours is a charming modesty! You will not permit one to doubt your sincerity! That is a little too much."

"How! That is not the question. It is of yourself, madame, that we speak. Who could doubt, that after having seen you for the first time, I should wait with impatience for the happiness of seeing you again the second time?"

The compliment was too well timed and too unexpected not to have its proper effect. Amelia would certainly have blushed had she still possessed the power, and had her rouge not been an insurmountable obstacle. As it was, she contented herself with a gratified glance, and from this moment the crowd that surrounded her, felt the value of the new arrival. The greatest favorites turned pale.

The conversation continued for some time in the same tone, and with the same easy assurance and eclat on the part of Frederic. Baron Grossenstein had been announced; but the young man, with the indifference which increased his success, because it alarmed his adversaries, paid no attention to the arrival of the all powerful minister. He continued to monopolise the sultana, and to domineer over the circle.

"My dear friend!" said an old courtier, in a whisper, and laying his hand upon the shoulder of his neighbor, "behold the rising sun!" and he pointed to Frederic.

"Where then did he rise? Where is his horizon?"

"Faith! neither known nor seen. It is in the future!"

"Apropos," said the private secretary, addressing Frederic, "do you play?"

"Always, and deeply."

"Well, the parties are forming."

"Good. I depend upon your kindness."

"Be assured of it. Do not stir until I come for you. I will call you when his highness wishes to see you. I have spoken to him of you, and—but be patient."

This was accompanied by a pressure of the hand and a look of intelligence. Frederic took his seat at a card table, and the amount of his stakes terrified his opponents. At this moment the Prince entered, and, according to his custom, forbade any one to rise or to interrupt the amusements. He walked with an affable and indolent air through the saloon, addressed a word here and there, and stopped for a moment at some of the tables.

Frederic was playing with impudent success, and his boldness in again risking the money he was constantly winning, made others fearful of playing with him. The Prince, who observed the party at a distance, seemed greatly interested. Frederic again won.

"Double!" said he, carelessly. "Do you play?"

"No," replied his adversary, with ill concealed dissatisfaction, and rising from the table. Another took his place, and won the first stakes.

"Double!" said Frederic, in the same tone—and he lost.

"Ah! well," he continued, with the same indifference, "double, and that will balance it!" This time he won. His opponent would not risk another chance, but left the table. There was some hesitation among the company, and it was some time before another took his place.

"Ah!" said Frederic, laughing, "one against all. I have then the duties of a banker!"

The Prince was amused, for the phrase seemed original.

"I have come to relieve you," said the private secretary, approaching, "his highness wishes to see you."

Frederic followed the secretary, who led him to the Prince, in a retired part of the saloon. The latter, already predisposed to regard him with favor, paid him marked attention. Their conversation soon became animated and lively. Frederic, after thanking him for his goodness, touched upon some of the duties that had devolved upon him. The Prince listened attentively, and suggested some new ideas which Frederic developed, citing examples of their wisdom and utility. Suddenly the Prince interrupted him—

"But, Baron," said he to him, almost with familiarity, "have you fulfilled the duties of Inspector for twenty years?"

"Highness!" replied Frederic, bowing respectfully, "I am but twenty-two."

The Prince laughed, and struck him upon the shoulder.

"In truth, I was deceived, and I paid you but a poor compliment. I meant to say you ought to have occupied your present station for that time. Everything prospers."

This last phrase, spoken loudly, was distinctly heard throughout the saloon, and produced a marked sensation. All eyes turned upon Frederic.

"But," added the Prince, "there is a time for all things. We will speak of business hereafter. At present, I do not wish to deprive the company any longer of their banker."

He laughed while uttering this last word, and graciously dismissed Frederic, who bowed and rejoined the players.

"Ludolph," said the Prince, after a short pause, "I know of but one player here worthy of your skill; it is M. de Neuberg. You will make excellent opponents."

Ludolph understood his wish, and with the air of importance which never deserted him, he advanced to the table at which Frederic was seated. The young man saw him approaching, and his heart beat violently when he remembered what was to follow, but he immediately conquered his emotion. When Ludolph was seated, he made a movement as if to rise.

"Is it you who would play with me, Mr. Ludolph?" said he to him, making an intentional pause upon the last word, and regarding him with marked contempt.

"How!—yes—certainly," replied Ludolph, in a tone of surprise, mingled with mortification.

"Bah!" Frederic muttered, drawing his chair from the table.

The words and actions had not escaped the Prince. He appeared greatly astonished. Ludolph shuffled the cards, and gave them to Frederic.

"Away!" said the latter, throwing them upon the carpet, "I will not play with these."

All the spectators rose as if struck by an electric shock.

"How! how, sir," exclaimed Ludolph, scarcely able to speak, and half rising.

"Away!" repeated Frederic, "my heart sickens when I see you face to face. Rise from my table," and with his glove, which he held in his hand, he struck Ludolph upon the face.

"Sir!" cried Ludolph, rising, in terrible anger, "if we were not here—"

"Ah!—good heaven!" cried Frederic, "you have made me forget myself!" and he advanced rapidly towards the Prince, who remained motionless, watching the scene.

"Highness!" said he, his voice almost stifled with emotion, and bending upon one knee, "I implore your pardon for having permitted myself to be overcome in your presence, and for failing in respect. But how could I suppose that this infamous fellow would dare—"

"Infamous!—sir," interrupted the Prince, in unspeakable astonishment.

Frederic rose, and continued in a tone of surprise—

"What other name could I use, sire for one punished by justice, and who still bears upon his shoulder the marks of his infamy?"

"Baron! Baron de Neuberg! what do you say?"

"Nothing that I cannot readily prove. If I am deceived, I am content."

Ludolph had fainted.

"Let some one bear him out!" said the Prince, in a trembling voice. "Loupestein," addressing his private secretary, "accompany them and return to speak with me. Gentlemen," he added, in a loud tone, "the company is dismissed. As for you, sir," turning and speaking to Frederic, "come to me to-morrow at an early hour. I will then see if I can pardon you."

Frederic made a low obeisance, and retired through the midst of the tumult. Every one eagerly made way for him with a kind of fearful respect, as if he were an exterminating angel. The young man proudly passed through the crowd, and entering his carriage, rapidly regained his hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Prince was traversing the apartment with long and rapid strides, and with a vivacity by no means habitual. Frederic was at one end, standing in a respectful attitude, until he should be addressed, and Loupestein, the secretary, was by his side, with several papers in his hands.

"It is incredible, incredible!" murmured the Prince, "to have been thus mocked, deceived, betrayed! And I have admitted this man to my confidence. See, Loupestein, is that the sentence?"

"It is an authentic copy delivered by the register of the Parliament of Paris. The punishment is, ten years in irons on board the galleys of the king, degradation, and—"

"Good heaven!—and for what crime?"

"For theft and counterfeiting!"

"It is incredible, incredible! But it was Grossenstein who placed him near me. How could he have been ignorant of it? Am I then surrounded by imbeciles, by thieves and galley slaves? In whom can I trust?"

And the Prince continued his hurried and uneven gait. Suddenly he stopped opposite Frederic.

"But you, Baron de Neuberg, who had these proofs in your hands, whence did you get them? With what aim did you procure them?—and, since by the date of their delivery they are already old, why did you not show them before? Why did you allow me for one day longer to be the dupe of that man?"

"Prince," replied Frederic, in a firm yet respectful tone, "a very short time has elapsed since I entered the service of your highness. But a few days back I was an obscure and unknown man. How, then, could I dare to approach you with so grave an accusation? How could I know that the man honored with the confidence of my Prince, was the same Ludolph, who—ah! Prince, could I suspect before seeing him? And now, I hope your highness will do me the justice to acknowledge, that after having seen him, I lost not one hour, one instant, and that I risked that which I esteem most precious in the world, even your own favor. I struck the impostor, and tore from him the mask under which he had robbed you of your confidence."

After a moment's silence, the Prince replied:

"That is true, sir, and so true, that I have no intention to reproach you. Yet—it was a public scandal, and—but I will speak no more of it. You have done me a service, sir, a real service; but it was a cruel one, and cruelly rendered."

He made a turn or two more, then spoke again.

"Notwithstanding, be assured, sir, that I will not forget it. I have already known and seen the zeal you exercise in the discharge of your public duties, and the remarkable intelligence with which you seize upon the real character. Do not thank me, I do you but justice, and I like to speak what I think. The service you have done me, shows the attachment you bear to myself. And if, in the ardor of youth, you have acted with precipitation, and too much publicity, I cannot blame you. You have served me, and you shall find you have not served an ingrate. Adieu, sir; I will inform you, through Loupestein, when I wish to see you."

He extended his hand; Frederic received it on one knee, kissed it, and withdrew.

He was descending the few steps that led from the private cabinet into which he had been introduced, when a young page, whose duty it seemed was to wait there, arrested his progress.

"Baron de Neuberg is invited by a lady to walk in the park, this evening, at nine o'clock, alone."

"Good! and by whom?"

"By a lady, who wishes to speak with him."

"Did she not mention her name?"

"That would be indiscreet!"

"Well! I will be there." And he departed.

He thought that this interview must be appointed by the Marchioness, upon whom the fall of Ludolph had inflicted a terrible blow. He hesitated at first whether to accept it. The warnings of his unknown friend and of his landlord, recurred to him, and he feared some treachery. He resolved to go armed, and accompanied by Ludwig and two other active students, whom he went to seek and invite to dinner at his hotel. Upon his return home he found this letter:

"Excellent! Frederic—but I will not trouble you with formal praises. I have only this advice to give you: do not neglect Count de Rosenheim. Your real happiness is there. I advise you to confide to him your position in the palace, and the temptations which Amelia is preparing for you. He will learn them by some other means, and your silence, erroneously interpreted, will ruin you in the opinion of Constance and himself. Speak to him without reserve of all, (myself only excepted,) and ask his counsel.

"Do not forget my instructions respecting Amelia. Remember that you have to do with a woman; that is to say, with one more artful, cunning and dangerous, than all the Ludolphs and Grossensteins united.

"Your friend, M. C. R."

Frederic followed his advice, and hastened to the Count de Rosenheim. The latter rose gaily when he saw him.

"Ah! welcome; thrice welcome! Thou conqueror of giants; vanquisher of monsters! In faith you have made a famous racket; and the world speaks only of you. Consequently we see you no more—that is our compensation."

"It has been no fault of mine; but—"

"Yes, yes; greatness, honors, the court! I understand all that. Constance maintains that the Marchioness has no small part in it."

"Ah! my dear young lady, you have not thought that, far less said so?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Why not!" said Frederic, with an expression of profound astonishment. "Because it would be an atrocious mockery; first of me, and also of the Marchioness herself; who, I acknowledge, is well qualified by age to be my mother, but who has not the necessary qualities to merit the filial affection which you suspect me to feel for her."

This pleasantry caused both Constance and her father to laugh heartily; so that the young people appeared perfectly reconciled. Con-

stance left the room shortly after; and Frederic seized the opportunity to confide to the Count the advances of Amelia, and the necessity which compelled him to seem to reciprocate them, at least for a time.

"Ah! my dear boy, upon what country have you fallen! What an infernal Babylon! You ask my advice: but, frankly—you have hitherto navigated your own course with so much address and good fortune, that you are better able to decide for yourself. Listen, however. My advice is, that you appear to accept Amelia's offers. Compel her to receive you in the palace; make her compromise herself, so that you may rule her, and break the treaty which threatens your destruction. After having appointed a meeting, come to me, and we will together reflect upon your future conduct."

Constance re-entered, and the conversation turned upon another subject. Frederic soon afterwards left them, to rejoin his body guard of students, and to keep his appointment.

Scarcely had he entered the park when he saw at a distance a carriage, which he recognized as that of the Marchioness. He then descended from his own, requested his companions to wait for him near the gates, and directed his steps towards a cluster of elm trees. Amelia sought the same spot, accompanied by a female attendant, who walked a few paces behind.

Frederic, as he watched Amelia advancing towards the elms, could not help feeling some degree of admiration. She was in fact, very beautiful. Her graceful walk, the beauty of her form and her elegance of manners, gave her a powerful charm. She had exhausted all the resources of art and of the toilet, and in the partial obscurity of the park, the brilliancy of her eyes, and the regularity of her features made her a most seductive woman.

Frederic felt the justness of his unknown friend's recommendations: he had here an adversary far more formidable than Ludolph, and he invoked as a protecting talisman, the memory of Constance to shield him from her attacks.

When near Frederic, who remained motionless and silent, she stopped for a moment in indecision and seeming timidity.

"Is it you, Baron de Neuberg?" she asked with a humbled voice.

"Yes, madam, it is I; I await your pleasure."

The calm and firm tone of the young man, appeared to make a powerful impression upon her.

"Yes,—I begged you to come. Yet even at the last moment, I myself hesitated to meet the appointment of my own seeking—I hesitated—I was upon the point,—good heaven! what must you think of me?"

She stopped again. The sound of her voice had so mild and gentle a tone, that Frederic felt its full force, and knew not how to reply.

"I do not doubt," she resumed, with increasing agitation, "that I have been calumniated to you. I have so many enemies! And how could I be without them! You are perhaps already one of them! Yet I attach so much value to your esteem,—to your friendship! But how could I justify myself; how could I speak with you without constraint—without evil-minded and malicious listeners—without idle and unmeaning gallantry? There was but one way. I thank you for accepting it; your kindness is a happy augury, and you must yourself perceive how earnest is my anxiety, when I have been compelled to resort to the present means of seeing you."

Frederic felt the effect of her words; and the bright, though restrained, expression of her eyes that constantly rested upon him, added a powerful influence. He recoiled a step or two to regain his self-control.

"What?" she asked, "will you not answer me?"

"What can I say, Amelia? I believe you are deceived. What you tell me is useless."

"Useless! I do not understand you."

"I will make myself intelligible," said Frederic, with sudden earnestness, seizing her hand. "I thought you knew me better—but let us not waste the precious time. Amelia! why came you hither?"

The suddenness of this question, and the penetrating glance by which it was accompanied, entirely deprived the Marchioness of her self-command.

"Frederic!" she murmured, in a stifled voice, at the same time endeavoring to disengage her hand.

"Yes, I am Frederic, and you—are Amelia. I know to whom I speak. You know how I hated Ludolph?"

"Yes!"

"Think you, after crushing him, there is aught else I dare not do?"

"What! Frederic! Surely—"

"Enough!" he again interrupted, drawing her to him, and showing her the ring which the unknown had sent. "Know you this?"

"Ah!" cried the Marchioness, in an indescribable emotion of terror. "Frederic,—Frederic! Where did you get that? What—"

"Enough!" repeated Frederic. "Now, Amelia, you know what I have the power to do."

"Ah! good Heaven!" cried the Marchioness, in irresistible alarm. "What do I know? What can I think? I am—oh! Frederic! Who, then, are you?"

"That matters not—but listen, Amelia! I am determined you shall have no other will than mine. You must obey my commands without reflection, without a murmur—or—I will destroy you without pity."

"Frederic!"

"No evasion; no useless arts!—I am not the man to yield to subterfuge, to hesitate, to recede. I will be assured of your obedience, your discretion, your devotion. You must give me a private meeting, to-morrow evening, in your parlor at the palace."

"Frederic! have pity upon me—think."

"Nothing," replied the young man, with firmness. "Ah! you came here to deceive me, did you not? To make a treaty for your own advantage; and to deliver me, bound hand and foot, into the power of your accomplices. But no! no!—here as everywhere—mine is the power, mine the will! Here, it is I who command; I do not entreat, I demand it; a meeting to-morrow evening—I must see you!"

Amelia remained for a moment silent, and as if fascinated.

"Frederic!" she cried, at length—"my noble, my audacious Frederic!—how beautiful thou art—I cannot refuse thee."

"The Prince goes to-morrow to his hunting seat—I will be with you."

"But if he wishes to take me with him?"

"You will be sick."

"But—"

"I wish it."

"You are a tyrant!" she said, in a kind of delighted terror. "But I pardon all."

And she passed her arm around his neck. Frederic disengaged himself quickly, but gently.

"To-morrow! Remember!" And he departed with a rapid step, while the Marchioness regained her carriage.

"Plague upon it!" said Ludwig, laughing, when Frederic rejoined his friends. "We now know the old friend of the family; a good old man—very decrepid. Ha, ha! we saw him leave the elms, and totter towards his carriage. Ah! what it is to be a handsome fellow!"

Frederic was sad and troubled.

"Excuse me, my friends," he said, "I must see Count de Rosenheim for a moment."

CHAPTER IX.

Grossenstein was traversing his apartment with marked impatience. He was deeply anxious and alarmed, and his features assumed at intervals a most ferocious expression. At one moment he hastened, and at another relaxed his pace, under the influence of his thoughts.

"Ludolph arrested!" he murmured. "Confined in prison! If he should speak! It is true he has no cause to betray me—to ruin me! But this Frederic!—this devil incarnate, who is he? Whence comes he?—how could he have known?"

There was a knock at the private door of the room. The Baron opened it, and a young page entered. It was the same who had brought to Frederic the invitation of the Marchioness.

"Ah! is it you, Franz; well, my lad?"

"Well, my lord Baron, I took to M. de Neuberg the invitation of my lady to meet her in the park. But madame did not think proper to take me with her."

The Baron uttered an exclamation.

"But I started nearly the same moment with the carriage; I ran rapidly, and arrived in time to see madame pass behind the elms, and M. de Neuberg join her there. They conversed for a long time, and embraced when they separated."

"Well, and then?"

"And then they went to their carriages. Madame returned alone to the palace; she spent the evening with his highness. I could not hear what they said in the park."

Baron Grossenstein sat down to his desk, wrote a few words, and handed them to Franz.

"Take this to the office of Bernhardt, and return to me this evening."

"I thank your excellency."

When the Baron was alone, he uttered a deep oath, and rose hastily from his desk.

"Ah! it is easily seen—they understand each other!—and Amelia, who promised me otherwise! She intends to deceive me; she abandons me for this new lover. How can I circumvent them?"

Another knock was heard. The Baron ran to the door. It was a young woman.

"Is it Matilda? You are very kind, my girl. What news have you?"

The woman seemed greatly excited.

"Much, my lord,"

"What is it, then?"

"I accompanied madame last night in a promenade to the elms, and—"

"She there met M. de Neuberg," interrupted the Baron, coldly. "They became friends—they embraced!—that is all."

Matilda was exceedingly surprised.

"That is all true, my lord Baron; you are correctly informed. And yet,—I was the only one with madame; and it is singular you know so well what passed! But do you also know that madame made an appointment with M. de Neuberg for this evening, in the palace?"

"This evening! And if the Prince—"

"Madame is to feign an indisposition not to accompany him."

"Ah! so it is a settled affair! M. de Neuberg replaces Ludolph! Amelia does not wait long for a new lover. Thank you, Matilda; hold, take this, and return this evening."

"There is no time to hesitate," continued he, when alone. "That infernal demon manœuvres with so much success, and so quickly, that it is impossible to know where he will stop. It is over! I can no longer depend upon Amelia. Perhaps she has already sided with him against me. Ah! well!"

And he made a threatening gesture, the meaning of which was fully evinced by his furious look.

"So, he goes to the palace this evening. What, if I profit by this moment—but no; he is always accompanied by three or four sturdy students. Neppberg told me, yesterday, that he had three companions, armed to the teeth, who never lost sight of him. He will certainly take greater precautions than ever, to-night. If the attempt should fail, it would be terrible! Faith, so much the worse! Amelia betrays me, well—I will destroy them both."

With these words, he rang furiously.

"Bernell, I am going to the Prince."

* * * * * *

At the first words of the Baron, the Prince sprung from his seat.

"Grossenstein!" cried he, "what do you say? It is impossible!"

"Highness! I would it were not so!—but I thought it was my duty."

"Amelia!" interrupted the Prince, strongly moved. "De Neuberg! He upon whom I looked with so much favor. My lord Baron, have you the proofs of what you tell me?"

"Unhappily, sire," replied Grossenstein, with a ready falsehood, "I heard it all! If you knew how much I have dreaded to communicate this fact—but—"

"You are deceived; you must be; I cannot believe it!"

"Alas!" replied Grossenstein with a sigh, "it will be only too easy for your highness to have the same proofs that I have. Madame de Zeft will feign sickness to prevent her accompanying your highness to your hunting seat. At the same time she has given permission to M. de Neuberg to pass the evening in her company."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the Prince, his mind agitated with conflicting thoughts. "Can it be possible! If I were sure, I would—" and he stopped as if distrustful of the truth of his informer.

"Has your highness any orders to give me?" asked Grossenstein, eagerly.

"No!—there is perhaps some error in all this. I will not condemn without proof, nor punish without conviction. I will take thought upon it. You have done well, Grossenstein. I thank you, my friend—but I wish to be alone."

He dismissed the Baron, who was evidently greatly disappointed, and remained buried in deep thought.

* * * * * *

During the interview between the Prince and his minister, Amelia was at her toilet. A young girl, named Gustine, was announced. The Marchioness smiled and received her with much kindness.

"Good day, darling," said she to her.

Gustine was very small, of a dark complexion, and by no means pretty. But her quick and lively eyes expressed a degree of uncommon cunning and penetration.

"Well!" asked the Marchioness, "what news have you?"

"Baron Grossenstein came to our house last night. He has lost his brains, I believe; he did nothing but mutter between his teeth all the evening, and he seemed to think only of one Frederic."

Amelia laughed heartily, and Gustine joined her.

"We were puzzling our brains to find out who this Frederic is. It seems that he is simply a new favorite of the Prince; and if I know the Baron, he thinks of nothing more or less of assassinating him!"

"Ah!" cried the Marchioness, "what horror, Frederic!"

"He thinks of it, I am sure."

"Good Heaven! That Grossenstein is a monster; an assassin—it is frightful!"

At this moment light and hurried steps were heard, and Matilda appeared.

"His highness," said she.

Amelia trembled, and Gustine vanished.

The Prince entered; he appeared thoughtful, but calm. He took a chair near the toilet table.

"Well, my love," said he, "they tell me you are suffering."

"Unfortunately, my Prince! I was indisposed last evening, and I had no rest during the night. I do not know what is the matter with me, but—"

The Prince leaned forward, took her hand, and looked fixedly on her.

"It is true," he said, after a moment or two, "you appear very much agitated. So—you cannot accompany me to day?"

"What!—are you going?"

"Yes; it was agreed upon, you know, last evening. We spoke of it then. It is true you were not well; but notwithstanding, I hoped for your company; but if you are suffering, you must not expose yourself to the fatigue. I intend hunting by torch-light, and shall be away all night. So I shall have plenty to tell you to-morrow."

"Your highness's goodness confounds me. I am really grieved that I cannot accompany you to day, and partake of your amusements, but I have a fever, I think."

"I think so, too; you have a very irregular pulse. Take care of yourself, my angel; consult Bernheim. I hope it is nothing serious. Adieu." He pressed her hand affectionately and departed.

"Gustine, are you gone!" asked the Marchioness, in a low voice.

"No, madame," said Gustine, laughing, and reappearing like a sprite. "I hid myself."

"Well, dear, what do you think Grossenstein will do?"

"I do not know. He is in an extreme rage and perplexity, that is evident; but I do not think he is yet determined what to do. The fall of the Chevalier Ludolph has entirely disconcerted him, and he seems to be troubled with nightmares of the galley slaves and dungeons. It is a pity; but he is all the time in a trance; he seems to have the apoplexy; and the fact is, there is blood both in his head and in his eyes. Truly, the poor man is broken down; he raves, and commits nothing but follies. If some one does not destroy him, he will destroy himself. He has the vertigo."

"It is true, dear; it is true—but we must acknowledge that there is in all this something so strange and unexpected, that it is enough to turn one's head. Look at poor Ludolph; what a fall! and then—that is not all—there are some things. It is frightful and incredible! The only way is to preserve one's calmness, and to be ready to catch at every branch that offers safety."

"Faith!" interrupted the laughing Gustine, "it must be a strong branch, if it does not break with the weight of the fat Baron!"

Amelia laughed heartily at this grotesque image.

"Excellent;" said she, "but as for me, I am not so heavy, thank Heaven, and I will leave him to swim alone."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

When merchants fondly trust to paper,
And find too late that banks betray,
What art can help them through the scrape, or
Suggest the means wherewith to pay?

The only way to stop each croaker,
And pay the banks to whom they trust,
To bring repentance to the broker,
And wring his bosom, is "to bust."

☞ PARENTAL ANTICIPATIONS.—Fond parent (to his son.)—"Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at Jones; he started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do so well as that, still, with honest industry, I can see no reason why you should not in the course of a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."

☞ When we cannot apply any remedy to an evil, it is in vain to seek it. If by thy advices and remonstrances thou couldst undo what is already done, thy silence would be criminal; but there is nothing colder than advice by which it is impossible to profit.—*Confucius.*

☞ Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

☞ Great and rare heart offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (or ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

The following will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

THE CRISIS.

Our readers doubtless know by this time—thanks to the Electric Telegraph—that the banks of the "great commercial metropolis," New York, imitating the example of those of this "little village" of Philadelphia, have suspended specie payments. That the banks of Boston and New England generally immediately followed suit. And that the banks of the Southern and Western States, by the time this paper reaches the majority of our readers, have followed their example.

To those who agree substantially with the views recently propounded in THE POST relative to the banking system, the suspension of the banks of New York and Boston was doubtless not at all surprising. The boasting and confident tone of the presses and bank officers of our sister cities, appeared to such the voice either of folly or of the most deplorable ignorance. Their ability to continue specie payments, it was clearly evident, depended entirely upon the will of the public. If a run were made upon them, they had no other alternative than to suspend, first or last. And the run being made, about half-a-day sufficed to close the doors of the New York institutions. Boston—with three dollars of circulation alone, to every dollar of specie in her vaults—notwithstanding the recent resolutions of her merchants in public meeting assembled, as to the necessity of maintaining "the mercantile honor" of their city—collapsed even before a run could be made. Like the coon, when Captain Scott simply pointed the rifle at him, the Boston banks "came down at once."

Of course, we understand the game of New York and Boston, in avowing the perfect impregnability of their banks—but such devices are too shallow for this age of newspapers. Better to come out boldly and fairly, and tell the community the truth:—"Gentlemen, the banks of the United States are not constituted to be able to withstand a general demand of their creditors for specie; and, therefore, if you run upon us, we have no other resource than to suspend."

But the people of New York were not deceived by the statements of their bank officers and leading presses. They knew that they could force a suspension on any day of the week—and, on Tuesday, the 13th, they resolved to do it. And why? Because it was "tit for tat." The mercantile community, in their applications for loans, were constantly met with the statement that the banks were forced to contract, in order to continue specie payments—thus breaking up the merchants to save themselves. The question then naturally arose, whether it was not "paying too dear for the whistle," to sustain the banks by the ruin of all the merchants—granting that it would do more than merely put off the evil day, for the banks themselves. The decision of this question, was the run upon the banks—a suspension of the banks being considered a less evil than the suspension of every body else. Now, Messrs. Banks, said the merchants, we are all in the same box, where we all ought to be.

Doubtless many persons thought, when they heard of the suspension of the New York banks, that it was all up with those institutions. They remembered that the Constitution of New York positively forbade the legislature from legalizing a suspension of specie payments. But, as Daniel O'Connell is reputed to have said, a lawyer "can drive a horse and wagon through any legal enactment," however carefully worded. As to the constitutional proviso in question, it requires no great adroitness to paralyze that. The legislature is forbidden to "legalize" any suspension; well, it will not "legalize" the present ones. And so the clause in question, practically amounts to nothing. Then there is a law of 1849, providing for the recovery of debts owed by a bank, for the closing of its business, and the transfer of its assets to a Receiver. Well, what does this dreaded statute say? It provides that any creditor of a bank having a demand exceeding $100 may, after *ten days* from the time when payment of such demand shall have been refused, apply to a Judge of the Supreme Court for an injunction, which the latter *may* grant, "if, in his opinion, upon the facts presented, it be *expedient, in order to prevent fraud or injustice*;" and the Judge may then order a hearing of the parties, to determine whether the bank is "clearly solvent or otherwise." If he determines that it is insolvent, he shall issue an injunction and appoint a Receiver.

It will be perceived by a careful reading of the above, that the whole matter of the injunction is left to the discretion of the Judges of the Supreme Court. And the Judges belonging to the New York City District, have already met, and arrived at the following conclusions:

1st. That suspension does not necessarily imply insolvency.

2nd. That a bank is "clearly solvent" that is able to pay its debts, though not all in specie.

3rd. That when a bank is clearly solvent, (that is, has means to pay all its debts,) and its officers are acting in good faith, no injunction should be issued or Receiver appointed; and

4th. That an injunction should not issue *ex parte*, or even after suspension, except upon sufficient evidence that fraud is contemplated.

What more is wanted? But if more should be wanted, an act of the Legislature, not "legalizing the suspension," by any means—but simply repealing, or suspending for a certain period, all acts which can be brought to bear against the banks, is all that is required.—Truly our fellow citizens of New York are hard to catch, and still harder to hold, even when they try to catch and hold themselves.

It certainly is a sad thing, this setting aside indirectly the provisions of laws and constitutions; but, as the old proverb says, "necessity knows no law"—and to force all the banks of New York into immediate liquidation, probably would cause an amount of suffering in all classes of society in that State—especially during the winter months—such as has never been even approached in this country. But it is also a sad thing, that the people of these United States seem to feel so strongly the necessity of tying their own hands, by inserting provisions on mere matters of expediency in their State Constitutions. We do not like solemn pledges, even in an individual, not to do this, or to do that, in the unknown, uncertain future. When a nation gets to be afraid of itself—of its own want of prudence or firmness in the hour of temptation—it is a lamentable confession of weakness. We have our doubts whether a man or nation that requires such constant bolstering up with paper pledges, will be able to stand very long even with their aid. And as to the amount of security afforded to a people by constitutional provisions, we are afraid it is very trifling. When a people want a thing very badly, they will always find men of wonderful acuteness, to convince them that they are not violating their constitutional law in seeking to obtain it. The French have had some twenty Constitutions, we believe, but never one that they did not violate. The English have a Constitution, as they call it, which they never violate—for whatever Parliament can be made to enact, that is constitutional.

Since the legalization of the suspension in this State by the Legislature, and the general suspensions in other States, business affairs have worn a more cheerful aspect. It only needs now a reasonable extension of aid by the banks and other capitalists to the community, to place things in a train for the speedy return of confidence and specie-payments. Our imports for next spring will be very light—the crops are said to be very heavy—the West and South, judging from the fact that the banks in those sections seem to have suspended only as a result of the Eastern collapse, are in a reasonably healthy condition—the railroad companies are increasing their fares, lessening their speed, and reducing their expenses; and if, in view of these movements, and the heavy freights which the large crops almost insure, the incomes of the great lines begin to swell, their stocks will rise greatly in value, and add a large sum to the real, not fictitious, resources of the country. In addition to all these means and indications of prosperity, we have a steady flow of specie from California, while exchange with Europe is in our favor. It does not therefore seem extravagant to suppose, that the storm which has blown so fiercely, will blow itself out before many weeks, and that business affairs will assume a moderate and healthy activity. More than this should not be desired. The community should profit by the lesson it has received. All wild schemes of speculation and profit should be discouraged. Especially should the banks discourage those harbingers of ruin, by discriminating in their loans, taking care that they do not aid in the sowing of any more financial whirlwinds. By pursuing this course, confidence and security may be made to emerge from the present chaos of doubt and mistrust; and our business community once more resume their active pursuits, all the wiser, if a little the sadder and poorer, for what they have gone through.

☞ NO REPUDIATION.—We are pleased to find that the people of California have given a majority of 15,000 against the proposal to repudiate their State Debt—we are sorry to find the majority only 15,000.

CHARITY.

John Wesley said that "hell is paved with good intentions." Often actions originating in the best motives, are attended with very unhappy results. In this light are we disposed to view some recent movements, looking thus early towards the establishment of a great system of ward societies for the relief of the poor during the coming winter.

We have a very low opinion of this kind of philanthropy, at the best. The only true benevolence to the able bodied poor, is that which provides them work at fair wages. Charity, as it is commonly termed, is calculated to degrade the recipient. A man should be ashamed to receive what he has not earned, except as a loan, to be returned with interest—and no one with the soul of a man, often does it without a feeling of degradation.

We have had "good times" now for many years. Wages have been very high—and it is scarcely possible that the laboring classes have saved nothing for a rainy day out of their earnings. Doubtless very many have saved. As to those who have not, we pity them. For these benevolent efforts that we have alluded to, will not, if the "hard times" should continue, be generally responded to by our citizens, owing to the simple reason that they will not be *able* to respond to them. It is therefore simply deluding the poor, to hold out the prospect of their being supported by charity. The prospect is that every man will have enough to do the coming winter to bear his own expenses—and to aid those more immediately dependent upon him.

And this is the true charity after all—to take care of your own poor. Every individual probably knows of cases where all the money he can afford to spare can be bestowed, and in modes that will neither degrade the recipient, nor allow a suspicion of the money's being wasted. We have before spoken in censure of an indiscriminate dismissal of servants at this time, by those who can afford to keep them. We have earnestly advised the employment of their operatives and hands at half-time or even quarter-time, and at reduced wages, if need be, by the manufacturers, &c. This is the kind of charity which should be extensively practised—which does not degrade the recipient—and in which way a thousand dollars will do more good than twenty thousand employed in mere alms-giving.

If any benevolent gentlemen and ladies wish to organize really useful associations, let them establish societies to institute a system of correspondence with the West. Thousands of men and women, even now, are wanted on the farms and in the families of the Western States. Many would be willing to keep laborers over the winter, if they would engage to remain for a year with them. And the housekeepers of the West are always in want of help in their kitchens. At one dollar a week, almost any number of girls and women could be sent forward. And let what money can be raised, be employed in paying the expenses of these men and women to the homes of such of the employers as are not able to advance the cost of travelling.

One word more—which may seem unkind, but really is not. It is not to be denied, that the laboring classes of this city have been as much infected with extravagant expenditures, in proportion to their means, as any other. In a great number of homes, the domestics dress as expensively, often more expensively—so far as their best dresses are concerned—than their mistresses. How are they ever to learn to save their money, if when the rainy days come, they are to be comfortably provided for in idleness, by those who have been more discreet in their expenditures?

NOW THAT the New York banks have suspended, the New York Evening Post confesses that the amount of specie *available* in those institutions was *much less than was represented in the official statements, made on oath*; as some of the heavy depositors and private banking houses allowed their specie balances to remain on *special account*.

The Herald announces that the committee appointed some time since to investigate the New York city finances, have discovered that for five or six years, sums of money, amounting to the stupendous aggregate of eight or ten millions of dollars, have disappeared from the city treasury. The money has been expended, but there are no vouchers or specifications or indications as to the purposes for which it was paid away.

The above facts remind us of a conversation we had not long since with a gentleman who does business both in this city and New York—having a house in both places. He said, in effect—"Oh, the Philadelphians are nowhere. We think we are pretty bad in this city—but go to Wall street, New York. You can *smell* the corruption when you enter it. There no *enterprise* in Philadelphia—we are a perfect set of *old fogies* beside the New Yorkers. No doubt of it. They can steal more in New York in one hour, than Philadelphia could steal in a whole generation."

We remembered the developments (*deril opements*) in the last Congress, and "acknowledged the corn." We are content to be "nowhere, in these days—when "enterprise" is so often but another word for a money-getting recklessness that pauses at no depth of corruption and bribery to obtain its ends. Time, however, generally proves at last, the difference between genuine, solid enterprise, and rash, corrupt and unsubstantial imprudence.

THE VALUE OF SPECIE.—Nothing shows more clearly the comparative soundness of the finances of the country at this time, than the fact that the price of gold has already fallen from about six to one and two per cent. In some cases in New York, the gold drawn in large sums from the banks, has been already deposited again—there being no sale for it, at a price worthy the mention. The rate of exchange still continues against Europe, and specie is flowing in upon us. The last steamer from California, it will be noticed, also brought over a million and a half in specie. In 1837 the rate of exchange with Europe was heavily against us, and coin was shipped out of the country by the millions. The more the present distress is looked into, the more it seems to differ from a great financial revulsion, reaching down to the basis of things. The foundations of the great fabric of trade seem as sound and strong as ever. Everything betokens fair weather not very far ahead.

☞ Pants procured on tick, are considered "breeches of trust."

THE SUSPENSION.

To those who think that a state of suspension of specie payments, necessarily must be a state of great financial suffering, we again commend the fact that the Bank of England suspended from 1797 to 1822, and by so doing carried England triumphantly through the greatest war she ever waged. The following extract from Alison's History is interesting in this connection:—

"No doubt, however, can remain, that the suspension of cash payments contributed essentially to increase the available resources of Great Britain for carrying on the war. An extension of the circulating medium, especially if accompanied by a great and increasing present expenditure, never fails to have this effect. It is when the subsequent stoppage or contraction takes place that the perilous nature of the experiment becomes manifest. Great immediate prosperity to all around him is often produced by the prodigality of the spendthrift; but if he trenches deep, amid this beneficent profusion, on the resources of future years, the day of accounting will inevitably come alike to himself and his dependants. In seeking for the causes of the vast and continued warlike exertions of England during the war, and of the apparently boundless financial resources which appeared to multiply, as if by magic, with every additional demand, just as in investigating the causes of the difficulties under which all classes have labored since the peace, a prominent place must be assigned to the alterations of the currency, as productive of present strength as they were conducive to future weakness. No financial embarrassments of any moment were experienced subsequent to 1797; in vain Napoleon waited for the blowing up of the funding system, and the stoppage of England's financial resources; year after year the enormous expenditure continued; loan after loan, with incredible facility, was obtained, and at the close of the war, when the revenues of France and all the Continental States were fairly exhausted, the treasures of Great Britain were poured forth with a profusion unexampled during any former period of the struggle. No existing wealth, how great soever, could account for so prodigious an expenditure. Its magnitude points to an annual creation of funds even greater than those which were dissipated. It is in the vast impulse given to the circulation by the suspension of cash payments and subsequent extension of paper credit of every description, that one great cause is to be found of the never-failing resources of Great Britain during so long a period. Her fleets commanded the seas; her commerce extended into every quarter of the globe; her colonies embraced the finest and richest of the tropical regions; and in the centre of this magnificent dominion was the parent state, whose quickened and extended circulation spread life and energy through every part of the immense fabric. Great as was the increase of paper in circulation after the obligation to pay in specie was removed, it was scarcely equal to the simultaneous increase in exports, imports, and domestic industry; and almost boundless as was the activity of British enterprise during those animating years, it must have languished from want of commensurate credit, if not sustained by the vivifying influence of the extended currency."

Of course a state of suspension—the specie touchstone being withdrawn—requires great caution; and is therefore not to be entered upon willingly, when the banks are as numerous as they are in this country, and subjected to no supervision except of those "incritable laws of trade," of which we hear so much said, and which generally correct evils as a boiler corrects a too great head of steam, by a summary and savage explosion. For our part, we believe in laws of trade, but not in "*inevitable*" laws of trade. We believe that as the lightning rod can safely disarm the cloud of its lightning, so heavy financial thunderbolts can be averted by wise and judicious means, planned by the cool and subtle brain. We believe, in one word, in man's God-given mastery over the natural and material and financial elements and forces—and have no faith at all in "inevitable" laws of nature and of trade. The experience of the world proves that business can be transacted entirely without gold and silver, if need be—entirely upon Credit, and with notes representing other forms of wealth than the two so-called "precious" metals. But, on the other hand, there is more risk in such a currency, on account of its tendency to fictitious values. For instance, the old Continental money was worth little, because it represented little. It was an attempt to make the notes of a very poor government, whose existence even was very uncertain, pass at par value. But if those same notes had been issued or endorsed by the French or English government of that day, everybody would have been glad to take them.

We are far from advocating, in these remarks, the long continuance of the present suspension. We only mean to show that a state of suspension is not so bad as many imagine. If it were, a country that had once suspended, could never coolly and deliberately resume specie payments. But experience has proved that both banks and country may become so strong during a state of suspension, as to resume specie payments almost without an effort. Everything however depends upon how the breathing-time is used. As Mr. Alison says:—"It is when the subsequent stoppage takes place that the perilous nature of the experiment becomes manifest." In other words, when the touchstone of specie payment comes to be again applied, it will effectually prove whether the values created in the state of suspension are genuine and real, or whether they are the merely fictitious creations of stock-brokers and land-speculators.

A Series of Lectures.—The "Hard Times," which are now so seriously felt by all classes, will render the duties of the managers of our benevolent institutions particularly arduous and trying this coming winter.

Of all the "Homes," none are more deserving of assistance than the "Union Temporary," which provides a home for the children of women at service. That the managers may continue their labors, without discharging any of the little ones under their care, they have made arrangements for a course of lectures. Should their success meet their anticipations, they will be able to defray all their expenses this coming winter without any other assistance. Let every one then who has a dollar to spare for this charity, invest it in a season ticket for these lectures. The first lecture of the course will be given by Park Benjamin, at Concert Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 27th, at 8 o'clock. Subject—"Hard Times, a reasonable, not a reasonable topic." Tickets for sale at the principal book stores.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 166—Adults 78, and children 88.

The Last Prophecy.—On the very morning of the run upon the New York banks, the following editorial remarks appeared in the *New York Herald*:

Strength of the New York Banks.—By the Bank Statement published this morning, it will be seen that the anticipations indulged in as to the inability of the New York banks to maintain their position prove *wholly groundless*. After the terrible week through which we have passed—a week unprecedented in the annals of commercial suffering—they have actually gained specie, and remain *stronger than before*. There can be no stronger proof than this of *the soundness of the system on which these banks are conducted*, and of the benefits which it is conferring, and will continue to confer, on the community after the panic is over.

It is the Position assumed by the New York banks, which constitutes our chief element of safety at the present moment.

In the money article of the same day, the *Herald* said:

These returns are highly favorable. No one dared anticipate such a satisfactory statement. Any increase of specie was thought to be utterly out of the question. *The public mind must be much relieved by this exhibit, and the great danger can now be considered over.* * * *We have never wavered a moment in our faith and feel now stronger than ever in the belief that nothing is to be feared, so far as our banks are concerned. The specie reserve is likely to increase from this time out.*

By the next day the whole of the banks (with one exception) had suspended!

Cleveland, Oct. 15.—An important Railroad Convention met here last night. The attendance was very full, and business of an important character was transacted. A committee was appointed which will report to day. The principal objects of the Convention are to reduce the present speed of trains, increase the fares, dispense with foreign agents, and cut off the large number of "dead-heads."

We are glad to find that our railroad friends are coming to their senses. Hundreds of millions of dollars, invested in railroads, are now lying valueless as it were, because the railroads do not pay. When once the railroads begin to pay again—and they can be made to do so very soon, by proper regulations—this dead capital will become instinct with life, and hundreds of millions be added to the real and available wealth of the country, just as much as if it had been rained down from the clouds. Now, much of that capital is like a dwelling that cannot find tenants, pays no rent, and therefore has scarcely a marketable value. Then it will be like the same house, with many seeking to rent it, at a good yearly interest. The increase in value, in such a case, is not in the least fictitious, it is genuine and real. To make the railroads generally pay eight or ten per cent., would be to add immensely to the wealth of the country, and regain what has been considered lost in them. As all departments of business have felt the effects of the apparent loss, so all would instantly feel the effects of the gain. As an old author says, "You cannot laugh with one side of your face, while you are being pinched on the other."

Uncle Sam.—Our worthy Uncle Samuel, whose coffers were so full not long since, already begins to feel the pressure. As usual with great capitalists, he has been counting his chickens—in the shape of duties—before they were hatched; and now finds that, before the close of the fiscal year, on the 30th of June next, he will probably have to obtain a loan of ten to fifteen millions of dollars to pay the current expenses. In view of this altered state of affairs, the old gentleman, through his highly-respectable agent, the Secretary of the Treasury, has ceased redeeming his outstanding stocks at a premium, and addressed a circular to various merchants of New York, asking their opinion as to the amount of next Spring's imports, &c. Although he has not asked our opinion upon the subject, we will take the liberty of suggesting to him the policy of a little more economy in his expenditures. He is setting his children a pretty example in living beyond his income. Fie, Uncle Samuel, we are ashamed of you.

The worst thing we have to fear in this city is a panic. Should depositors be frightened into making a run on the banks, *there would be danger.*

So spoke the New York Tribune just before the suspension. "There would be *danger*" (of a suspension), it said. This was putting rather too fine a point upon it. As the New York banks had probably only about one dollar in specie to pay ten of notes and deposits, we think the Tribune might have ventured to say that in case of a run, there would be, not only "danger" of suspension, but suspension itself.

The Chinese Sugar Cane.—Judging from what we see in the papers, the Chinese cane makes very excellent molasses, equal to "syrup," but does not contain enough of the saccharine principle to lead us to expect much in the way of sugar. The molasses that comes from the common sugar cane, is the mere drainage of the sugar. In other words, the juice of the cane, after the sugar is taken from it, is still strong enough for use as molasses. But even if the culture of the Chinese cane should only enable our farmers to supply themselves and the country with molasses, it will be a very great acquisition indeed.

☞ It is said, judging from recent trials, that coal can be used for locomotives with half the cost of wood, and can make better time, on account of the facility afforded in keeping up a uniformity in generating steam.

☞ There is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

☞ The following notice was recently served upon the Hartford health committee: "Dr. Homes—There is a Kat lying in Mano Street, which the health committee ought to remove immediately. She is a flat as a pancake, and you must take heer awa this forenoon or I will no the reason why she lies nore exchange Connor."

☞ What *neat* things Charlie Lamb could say! On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, he was accosted by a beggar woman with "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; *it's a miserable* day! Good bye! good bye!"

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In this season of experimenting in the manufacture of domestic sugar, not a few have attempted to extract syrup from the juice of the cane weeks before it is matured. The consequence is that the sap has not attained its full sweetness, and what little molasses is made is of inferior quality. A few hints gathered from those who have been somewhat familiar with the process of manufacture in the West Indies or in Louisiana may perhaps be acceptable to those who are now raising the Sorghum and intend to crush the canes.

When ripe, which may be known by the yellowish appearance of the lower part of the stalk, and the seeds being past the milky state, it may be cut down six inches from the ground, and three or four feet of the top cut off. The leaves, too, must be removed, and for convenience the stalk may be cut in two. It should be immediately pressed between iron rollers if possible, wooden ones not being so likely to grasp the smooth stems. The opening between the rollers must be regulated according to the power employed to turn them, but the smaller the space the more effectual will the process be. The juice should be boiled without delay, and a small quantity of powdered lime stirred in from time to time to neutralize the acid. This may be determined by testing the liquid with litmus paper, or in other words, paper dipped in a decoction of red cabbage or purple dahlia. If the purple is reddened in the least degree more lime must be added. The heavier the soil the more acid will the sap be, and therefore a greater proportion of alkali is required. The boiling must be done moderately at first, and more rapidly as the juice becomes thicker, the liquid skimmed frequently, and when it begins to change color it must be stirred the whole time, or it will very likely be burned.

In the West Indies the color of the cane juice when ripened is a pale orange tint, and not of that greenish hue that now is found in the Chinese plants. We should therefore say that the latter should remain in the ground until the near approach of frost changes the lower part of the stalk to a yellowish color, and the seed is well matured.

In the manufacture of the West India sugar, the juice, after being pressed out, is immediately poured into a large copper vessel standing in a line with four or five others gradually diminishing in size, the smallest one being that in which the change into sugar takes place, and under which alone the fire is placed. The others being near are heated more or less in proportion to their distance from the small boiler. Immediately after the juice is poured into the largest vessel, when it is merely warmed, a quantity of powered shell lime is added which brings the scum to the top. This is taken off at once, and the contents of the first are transferred soon after to the second copper. As the heat increases the juice becomes thicker, until it reaches the last in the row, when more lime is thrown in to make the syrup granulate. The fire underneath is very strong, and the juice is constantly stirred. From time to time the man who attends to this boiler draws out a portion in the ladle, turns it over, and watches attentively to see whether the granulation has commenced, which varies from a quarter of an hour to an hour from the time the vessel is filled, according to circumstances. When ready, the whole is poured out into large wooden coolers about eight inches deep, and when thoroughly cooled is emptied by buckets into hogsheads, in the bottom of which are holes. Reeds pass from top to bottom through these holes, not, however, filling the whole space, but leaving small interstices through which the molasses gradually finds its way and drains out. The space thus lost is filled up by more sugar, and the draining process continues some times for weeks.

If the juice, when pressed out, is allowed to stand a single day without being boiled, it will become more acid, and of course yield less saccharine matter. In fact the whole operation should be carried on from beginning to end without any cessation.

I would suggest to those who intend to make sugar, to pour the thick syrup into sieves of hair cloth, or some such material. It is also worth remembering that every vessel used to hold or boil the juice must be perfectly clean.

Burlington, N. J. JOHN COLLINS.

☞ At a trial last week a sexton, who had taken part at a marriage, was one of the witnesses. "Well," said the counsel, "I thought your duty was to bury people, and not to marry them." "Certainly," said the sexton, "but we must first have a population before we can bury them."

☞ An Irish painter announced in an Irish journal, that, among other portraits, he had a representation of "Death as large as life."

☞ Personal Reflections.—Sterne holds that there is no such thing as an impartial representation. "A looking glass," he says, "one might be apt to think an exception to this rule; and yet we never see our faces justly in one. It gives us nothing, after all, but the translations of them. A mirror, in fact, reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right." This is adduced, by Sterne, as a fit emblem for all personal reflections.

☞ Grandiloquence.—A Gascon was vaunting in a very bombastic style of himself, and levelling the pretensions of every other person with the utmost contempt, when a listener said, "Pray, sir, what may your business be?" "Oh," replied the Gascon, "I am but a cork cutter, but then it is in a very large way." "Indeed!" replied the other, "then I presume you are a cutter of bungs!"

☞ "Tom, tell me the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of stout." "A lie! I never told a lie in my life!" "Draw the stout."

☞ We had rather do anything than acknowledge the merit of another, if we can help it. We cannot bear a superior or an equal. Hence ridicule is sure to prevail over truth, for the malice of mankind thrown into the scale, gives the casting weight.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

☞ Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

FAILURES, ASSIGNMENTS, &c.

The N. Y. Independent says that the following are the reported failures, assignments, etc., for last week:

W. S. Stearns, Portland, Me., assigned.
D. W. & E. H. Quimby, South Berwick, Me., failed.
S. F. Reddeld, Claremont, N. H., suspended.
Wakefield & Faskett, Hinsdale, N. H., failed.
E. R. Robertson & Co., Bartonville, Vt., suspended
I. W. Ford & Co., Springfield, Vt., failed.
Gideon M. Lee, Chester, Vt., failed.
John L. Johnson, Chester, Vt., failed.
Francis Skinner & Co., Dry Goods, Boston and New York city, suspended; show a large surplus and ask an extension.
Otis, Cushman & Bancroft, Cloths, Boston, suspended; ask an extension.
S. G. Damon & Co., Shoes, Boston, failed.
Nash, French & Co., Shoes, Boston, suspended.
Hutchins, Brown & Co., West India Goods, Boston, suspended.
G. T. & W. P. Lyman, Boston, failed.
John P. Whiton, Grocer, Boston, suspended.
F. & F. Rice, Grocers, Boston, suspended.
Ward & Boott, Dye Stuffs, Boston, suspended.
Woodford & Wilbur, Fancy Goods, Boston, failed.
Crane & Glover, Paper, Boston, failed.
Milton Gale, Oils and Leather, Boston, failed.
L. A. George & Co., Millinery, Boston, failed.
Blake, Barnard & Co., Agricultural Implements, Boston, reported in our last as failed, only required an extension, which having obtained they will continue as formerly.
A. P. Ware, Worcester, Mass., suspended.
Geo. T. Atwood, Taunton, Mass., suspended.
Tirrell & Hersey, South Weymouth, Mass., suspended; liabilities said $75,000, and assets $100,000; ask an extension.
Wentwell & Barstow, Providence, R. I., suspended.
Harkness & Stead, Providence, R. I., assigned to Geo H Holmes.
John A. Littlefield, Providence, R. I., assigned to W. A. Arnold.
Royal Prouty, Windsor Locks, Conn., failed badly.
Illinois Central Railroad Co., New York city, assigned.
New York and Erie Railroad Co., protested.
Corning & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.
Joseph W. Curtiss & Co., Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended; liabilities heavy.
Hall, Dana & Co., Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
Bowers & Beekman, Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
Charles H. Waldo, Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
Thompson & Wilkins, Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
W. T. H. Duncan, Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
Woodruff, Langdon & Co., Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.
Bliss, Douglas, Wheelock & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
L. O. Wilson & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended; liabilities large.
W. G. Lane & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
Strang, Adriance & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended; will pay in full.
Fenton, Lee & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended and assigned.
Henry A. Colt, New York city, suspended.
Bulkley & Co., Importers, New York city, suspended.
L. H. Moore & Co., Millinery Goods, New York city, suspended; liabilities $280,000.
Beekman & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
James A. Hearn, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
Brinck & Russell, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
Blackwell, Whittemore & Co., Cloths, New York city, suspended.
Carhart, Bacon, Clark & Co., Cloths, New York city, suspended.
Hastings & Forby, Clothing, New York city, suspended.
Otis & Ditmars, Clothing, New York city, suspended.
John N. Genin, Hats, New York city, suspended.
Gaynor, McDonald & Co., Straws, New York city, suspended; show a good surplus.
Daniel Curtis & Co., New York city, suspended.
Backus, Nichols & Co., Hats, New York city, suspended.
Seymour & Co., Paper, New York city, suspended.
Fowler & Wells, Publishers, New York city, assigned; their publications will be continued without interruption.
Burt Brothers, Shoes, New York city, suspended.
Herrick, Ferris & Co., Gents' Furnishing, New York city, suspended.
Fetter, Judson & Co., Iron, New York city, suspended.
Kemble & Warner, Iron, New York city, failed and assigned.
Gallaudet & Wetmore, Hardware, New York city, suspended.
Churchill, Rogers & Wetmore, Hardware, New York city, suspended.
Hunt, Thomas & Co., Hardware, New York city, suspended.
Doe & Rice, Hardware, New York city, suspended.
Hoppock & Greenwood, Grocers, New York city, suspended.
Wood & Grant, Grocers, New York city, suspended.
Ludlam & Leggett, Produce, New York city, suspended.
John Pyatt, Produce, New York city, suspended.
Brummell & Royster, Tobacco, New York city, suspended; ask an extension to pay in full.
Baptist & White, Tobacco, New York city, suspended.
Connolly & Adams, Tobacco, New York city, suspended.
G. W. Hillman & Co., Tobacco, New York city, suspended.
Bulkley & Moore, Tobacco, New York city, suspended.
Hankins & Williams, Fruits, New York city, suspended and assigned.
William Partridge & Son, Dyestuffs, New York city, suspended.
Ames, Herrick, Barnes & Rhoads, Stationers, New York city, suspended.
Mark J. King, Furs, New York city, suspended.
Henry A. Kelly, Oils, New York city, suspended.
De Young, Newman & Schmidt, Trimmings, New York city, suspended.
Herman Cohn, Laces, New York city, suspended.
Henius & Bernstein, Trimmings, New York city, failed.
R. E. Potts, Tailor's Trimmings, New York city, assigned.
Martin Fox & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, failed and assigned.
S. H. Doughty, New York city, assigned. [This is not S. G. Doughty & Co., of Broad street, but S. H. Doughty of John street.—*Ed. Trib.*]
W. B. Mackenzie, Manillas, New York city, previously reported, has arranged with his creditors, and continues as usual.
Wilson & Peck, Williamsburgh, New York, failed and assigned.
Edward Hosh, Albany, New York, assigned.
Hubbard, Torrence & Co., Rochester, N. Y., suspended; offer to compromise.
D. D. Palmer, Rochester, N. Y., failed.
Mixel, Marks & Brother, Delhi, N. Y., failed and assigned.
Henry J. Bowers, Cooperstown, N. Y., assigned.
George W. Ryan, Marcellus, New York, assigned.
Z. & W. L. Fenton, North White Creek, N. Y., suspended.
T. Burnett & Co., Newark, New Jersey, failed.
Joseph E. Ball, Newark, New Jersey, failed.
Green & Co., Newark, New Jersey, suspended.
John Ryle, Paterson, New Jersey, suspended.
C. C Ayres, South Orange, New Jersey, failed.
David S. Brown & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
H. Cowperthwait & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, suspended.
Rex, Kemerer & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities said about $600,000.
Caldwell & English, Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
Ladd Brothers, Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
Leonard & Baker, Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
D. B. Illaman & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
T. W. & M. Brown, Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
Mitchell Brogaard & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
Hirsch & Loeb, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
James Gass, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
Hammann, Snyder & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities said about $800,000.
J. R. Cassellbury, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
Snyder & Grubbs, Clothing, Philadelphia, suspended.
Price J. Patton & Co., Hats, Philadelphia, suspended.
The Lehigh Crane Iron Co., Philadelphia, suspended.
Thompson & Babbitt, Hardware, Philadelphia, suspended.
Ashby & Rocap, Hats, Philadelphia, suspended.
Brock, Emory & Co., Grocers, Philadelphia, suspended.
Charles Miller, Coal, Philadelphia, suspended.
E. & I. McClure, Allegheny City, Penn., assigned.
John D Gage, Cambridge, Penn, assigned.
John G. Williams, Carlisle, Penn., failed and assigned.
Alfred Marks, Lewiston, Penn., failed.
E. M. Featherstone & Co., Tobacco, Baltimore, Md., assigned.
Charles Hartwell, Richmond, Va., suspended.
J. M. & W. G. Sheppard, Richmond, Va., failed.
Fowle, Snowden & Co., Alexandria, Va., suspended.
Pope, Allison & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.
Vorhees, Gregge & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.
Renshaw, Pomeroy & Co., St. Louis, Mo., suspended.
W. E. Culver, Banker, Louisville, Ky., suspended and assigned.
A. D. Mansfield, Louisville, Ky., suspended and assigned.
William Lee & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, suspended.
H. Price & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, assigned.
The Cuyahoga Steam Furnace Co., Cleveland, Ohio, assigned.
I. Morrison, Cleveland, Ohio, failed.
Wm. Loewenthal & Co., Evansville, Ind., assigned.
W. A. Washburn, Columbus, Ind., suspended.
F. H. Benson, Chicago, Ill., suspended.
Rossiter, Pohlman & Smith, Chicago, Ill., assigned.
Becker & Dean, Chicago, Ill., assigned.
James Stephens & Co., Detroit, Mich., assigned to Henry Stephens and E. A. Wilcox.
Vantile Babcock, Homer, Mich., failed.
P. H. Buck, Sturgis, Mich., assigned.
Remmers, Warnake & Mehrman, Plymouth, Wis., assigned.
W. Leslie & Co, Fort des Moines, Iowa, failed and sold out.
Warner & Abbott, Lyons, Iowa, assigned.
D. H. Scott, Lyons, Iowa, assigned.
Charles S. Hulbert, Lyons, Iowa, assigned.
J. T. Bacon, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, failed and assigned.
Isaac Park, Comanche, Iowa, assigned.
B. D. & T. Dubyuns, Clarksburg, Iowa, assigned.
Marshall & Co., Bankers, St. Paul, M. T., show assets of $93,236 to pay $83,277 liabilities.
Swift & Hamilton, St. Paul, M. T., assigned.
I. L. Farwell & Co., St. Paul, M. T., assigned.
O. D. Watson, Montreal, C. E., suspended.
Kohlinsky & Bro., Montreal, C. E., suspended.
E. Burstall & Co., Quebec, C. W., failed; liabilities said heavy.
E. F. Whittemore & Co., Toronto, C. W., suspended.
James Clark, Woodstock, C. W., assigned.
I. McIndoe, Dunnville, C. W., failed and assigned.

AN EPITAPH.

Would you know what religion he had?
Be his character thus understood:
A *dissenter* from all that is bad,
A *consenter* to all that is good.

☞ Fortune is Not so Blind.—We accuse Fortune of blindness when it showers its gifts upon a young prodigal. It is better, we think, that a prodigal should have them than a miser. The prodigal, at all events, invites others to share his good fortune with him—the miser would keep it entirely to himself.—*London Punch.*

☞ He is the wise man who, with a good grace, accommodates himself to the things of necessity.

☞ The old proverb "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer," may very fairly have this added as a rider to it: A wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find fools enough ready to answer.

☞ 'Cordin to Size.—At a school examination, the teacher asked a boy whether he could forgive those who had wronged him? "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could, if he was bigger than I am."

☞ Scene.—The crowded deck of an American packet from California: Californian to the skipper—"I should like a sleeping berth, neow, if you please." Skipper—"Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks, since we left port?" Californian—"Wall, I've been sleeping on the top of a sick man; but he's got better, neow, and he says I've got to move my boots."

☞ Merchant Prince to Insolvent—"Harry, can you bear Poverty with a good grace?" "No, hang you! She makes up faces at me, through the *holes in the heels of her stockings!*"

☞ Berry parties are all the rage in the country. The pleasantest part of them consists in the ride to and from the field, in a hay-rigging, surrounded by about twenty pair of beaming eyes.

☞ The key of the day and the lock of the night is prayer.

☞ Be wise; for in gaining wisdom, you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of jealousy and malice can hurl you.

☞ God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said He, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means much; it means—shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let the poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil.*

☞ "Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anne, one morning, to answer the door?"

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.—*Bryant.*

☞ He who restrains himself in the use of lawful things, will never encroach upon things forbidden.

☞ Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face: sarcasms are what they pay him up with behind his back.

1837 AND 1857.

FROM THE BOSTON POST.

Some still go back to the suspension of 1837, and say that the cases are, at bottom, analogous, and what was then unavoidable is necessary now. We have remarked at some length on the facts that prove them not to be. Take an illustration that comes home to our present condition as to specie—one drawn from the state of the exchanges. Nearly a fortnight ago we remarked that in place of the millions of foreign indebtedness, and of the ruinous drain of specie out of the country of 1837, the rate is such of 1857, that it must bring specie from abroad. Look at exchange to-day! It is at such a rate at to allow a margin of profit to import specie from Europe of between *eight and nine per cent.*; the trade is such that specie *must* come; and it is safe to predict that heavy imports can begin within thirty days, while our own product is pouring in constantly from California. Need we point to the difference between such a state of things and the state that existed at the date of the 1837 suspension? Then our exchanges were against us as to specie, and it was flowing out of the banks and out of the country.

But look at this alleged analogy in a point of view in which we have not considered it. The suspension of 1837 took place at a time when our crops *were all in*—had been all used up. Indeed, all through the South the planters had even pledged the *crops not yet sown—those of 1838—for means to meet their engagements.*—Let us recall a fact or two. Here is a citation from a New Orleans paper of 1837—just before the suspension: "New Orleans, April 5, 1837. Three hundred bales of good quality cotton were bought for remittance to Liverpool, on Tuesday, for seven cents. To day we hear of several lots being offered at six cents. In Hinds county, Mississippi, more *than a thousand suits* have been brought." To show the state of the South, we take the following from the Mississippian, printed at Jackson, the seat of Government: "Nearly three millions are to be recovered in the three counties of Hinds, Madison and Yazoo, and proportionally in other counties of the State, by the approaching terms of their respective courts." And the West was as bad off as the South. In fact, crops there had failed, and up to the very day of the 1837 suspension we were increasing our indebtedness to Europe by importing wheat. A table of these importations is before us, down to April 19, a few days before the general suspension. This is no less curious than it is valuable:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.
England,	49,600	32,900	146,000	2,500
Germany,	75,100	76,000	85,000	22,000
Holland,	7,500	8,000	20,600	28,400
Denmark,	1,000	——	——	——
Russia,	——	22,000	——	14,000
Austria,	——	5,100	——	——
Italy,	——	7,500	24,800	59,400
France,	——	25,000	1,000	——
Sicily,	——	——	5,400	——
Prussia,	——	——	——	9,000
Bushels,	132,800	170,500	413,300	135,800

Such was the condition of the country as to crops and specie balances, in 1837. Then, by the natural course of trade, specie was going abroad; going abroad, too, to settle balances occasioned by commercial transactions—to pay for the flood of wheat that was pouring in upon us. The suspension took place in May.

Now, look at the state of things to day; *here in October, before the crops have come to market.* These crops are enormous; they will soon be available; they must go forward, and they are what the foreigner cannot do without. We can stop foreign importations at any moment, and the indications are that they are pretty effectually stopped for the present; but the foreigner cannot stop buying of us. Cotton must go forward; and this article at this moment—croakers to the contrary notwithstanding—is just as good, if not better, than so much specie. The grand surplus at the West is waiting to pay eastern indebtedness; and this will soon set the wheels of trade in motion.

Here are recuperative elements, all soon to be available, which bear no analogy whatever with their condition in 1837, and which, too, are beyond the reach of the furious bulls and bears of the stock board; and even the railroads, which have been a main cause of the present panic, are to be a most powerful instrumentality to aid in the work of recuperation; for along these highways are our varied products destined to flow to their natural markets with a celerity unknown before.

Whoever brings these crops from the granaries of the West to the markets of the East, will do a public service; and when here, they will come in aid of the struggling mercantile community.

These are the cheering tidings in the business horizon. They may not quite yet justify the cry of Land Ho! They are enough, however, to warrant the conclusion, that if the ship can be kept afloat a little longer, she will reach a safe harbor.

☞ An old lady, up in Vermont, was asked, by a young clergyman, to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "nor I don't care anything about your nominations. For my part, I hold on to the old meetin'-house; and what's more, I mean to belong there."

☞ A Train or a Carpet Bag.—Mr. Makeweight has gone into the country. We asked him whether he was going to take the 11 o'clock, A. M., train, or the 3, P. M., boat.—"Neither," he replied, "I am only going to take a carpet bag."

☞ "Sambo, why are your legs like an organ grinder?" "Dun know—gub it up." "Case dey carry and exhibit a monkey 'bout de streets."

☞ Women as Thinkers.—"Trust the first thought of a woman, not the second," is an old proverb; and Montaigne says that "any truth which may be attained at one bound woman will reach, but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man."

☞ A correspondent of the London Times states, as a fact, ascertained by his own personal inquiries, that "for nearly the last 100 years *daily* prayers have been offered in the mosques throughout India for the House of Timur and the re-establishment of the King of Delhi on the throne of his ancestors."

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

A child was playing with some miniature building materials, and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, a new pleasure swelled in his heart; he felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new-born power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and battlement were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly lot of toy materials, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months or years of skillfully-applied labor, some grand conception of his art embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself hundreds of feet upwards towards the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundation.

As the idea grew more and more perfect, the child's strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the over-mastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular—and now sat down, and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he rose, purposing to obtain another and more distant view of his work; but his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin!

In the room with the boy sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him, and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing for a moment towards the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wetted them with his tears?

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping; then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiseless, he commenced restoring to the box, from which he had taken them, the many shaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled, he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attractions of the book he was reading, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tones, with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

* * * * * *

A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she awaited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing-gown, and pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasant fancies was in her heart! How, almost impatiently, did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness, to her!

At last, she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulses leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is men's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their workshops or counting-houses, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and threw his vessel backwards, instead of onwards, for a brief space; and, though it was still in the current, and gliding safely onward again, the ar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, not because love had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her; but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?" she inquired.

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well," he replied.

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain; for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in *his* manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the bright expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said; and, passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs.

Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or, rather, *the* possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when thought returned, with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit, driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, re pressing surprise, and affecting an ignorance that he did not feel in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands.

"They are for you, dear," was the reply. "I made them."

"For me!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense! What do I want with such jimcrackery? This is woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in that gown? Put them away, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors, like a clown or an actor."

And he waved his hand with an air of contempt.

There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the result of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not, of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimfull cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes, she turned away from her husband; and, to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room, and, going back to the chamber, from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, she sat down, and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heart-ache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice,

"Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't persuade me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor," he said, taking hold of her arm, and lifting her from the chair, "and sing and play for me. 'The Dream Waltz,' or 'The Tremolo,' 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing-gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music-stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I am surprised at you." And he turned from the piano, and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left thus alone, and in partial anger. Then rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her, and going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

* * * * * *

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not all casting shadows daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures of life, true pictures, not as a mirror, but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfishly, or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness, or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetters of self, and regarders of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful lest he wound unintentionally—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen—ladies, or—in a word that includes all graces and excellencies—be Christians; for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

COAL FIELDS.

Though the coal fields of Europe bear evidence to the former existence of a singularly luxuriant Flora, beyond comparison more vast than the European one of the present day, the same could not be predicated of the American coal fields, whose carbonized remains *might* be found representative of a Flora which had been at least not more largely developed than that existing American Flora to which the great western parts belong. Now, however, the time for any such argument has gone by; the American coal fields have been carefully explored, and what is the result? the geologist has come to know, that even the mighty forests of America are inconsiderable, compared with the deposits of its coal; nay, that all its forests gathered into one heap, would fail to furnish the materials of a single coal-seam, equal to that of Pittsburg! and that centuries after all is thick woods shall have disappeared before the axe, and it shall have come to present the comparatively bare, unwooded aspect of the long-civilized countries of Southern Europe, it will continue to derive the elements of its commercial greatness, and the cheerful blaze of its many millions of domestic, blissful hearths, from the unprecedentedly luxurious Flora of the old carboniferous ages. Truly, very wonderful are the coal fields of North America! If geologists inferred, as well they might, that the extinct Flora which had originated the European coal vastly outrivalled in luxuriance that of the existing time, what shall be said of that Flora of the same age, which originated the coal deposits of Nova Scotia and the United States—deposits, twenty times as great as all those of Europe put together!—*Hugh Miller.*

A GARLAND OF SONGS

FOR MUSIC.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE EVENINGS.

1.

In the summer evenings
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago.
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain,
In the summer evenings
Wandering in the lane.

2

In the winter evenings
When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy,
As in days of yore.
Love still hovers o'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings
Sitting by the fire.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANTS.

1.

Come away! far away! from the hills of bonnie Scotland;
Here no more may we linger on the mountain—in the glen—
Come away! why delay? far away from bonnie Scotland,
Land of grouse, and not of heroes! Land of sheep, and not of men!
Mighty hunters, for their pastime,
Needing deserts in our shires,
Turn to waste our pleasant places,
Quench the smoke of cottage fires.
Come away! why delay? Let us seek a home denied us,
O'er the ocean that divides us from the country of our sires.

2.

Come away! far away! from the river; from the wild wood;
From the soil where our fathers lifted Freedom's broad claymore;
From the paths in the straths, that were dear to us in childhood;
From the kirk where love was plighted in the happy days of yore.
Men and women have no value
Where the Bruce and Wallace grew,
And where stood the clansman's shielding
There the red-deer laps the dew.
Come away! far away! But to thee, oh, bonnie Scotland,
Whereseever we may wander shall our hearts be ever true.

3.

Far away! far away! in the light of other regions
We shall prove how we love thee to our children yet unborn.
Far away! far away! we shall teach them our allegiance
To thy name and to thy glory, thou beloved, though forlorn.
At recital of thy greatness
Shall our warmest fervor swell;
On the story of thy sorrow
Shall our fondest memories dwell.
Far away! why delay? We are banished from our Scotland,
From our own, our bonnie Scotland! Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!

RAIN.

My Love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain,
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lea
Of the wide high-spreading chestnut-tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh, rain! oh, rain!
Oh, blessed rain!
No sunshine ever shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

OVER THE WAY.

1.

When cold-hearted Poverty knocks at my door,
And robs me of blessings I gathered before,
Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
And robes my dear Nelly in meaner attire,
I envy sometimes in the heat of the day
My very good friend who lives over the way.

2.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
And count o'er the joys I was never denied—
My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
My health and my conscience unsullied and free—
No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

3.

He's wealthy, but feeble; he's titled, but old;
His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold;
Suspicious of others, ill-pleased with himself,
His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

4.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
I'll neither be beaten nor vainly deplore;
I'll scare him away by hard work if I can,
And look in his face with the heart of a man;
And, living at home all the joys that I may,
Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.

SCEPTRE, CROWN, AND THRONE.

1.

What is a sceptre but a staff,
Though not so long as mine by half?
And I've a staff, a friend to me;
I cut it from the blackthorn-tree;
No gold or jewels round it flaunt,
'Tis all the sceptre that I want.
So let the King enjoy his own—
I doubt it costs him many a groan.
Mine not so,
That I know;
As free from splendor as from care;
Despise my sceptre if you dare!

2.

And what's a crown, if not a cap—
A cumbrous, heavy thing, maybap?
And I've a cap of easy size,
That shields my head and shades mine eyes;
A fence around my whole estate,
Wherein no lurking traitors wait.
So let the King enjoy his crown,
And line it well with fur and down;
Sparkling bright
In the light,
'Twill seam his forehead deep with care.
Despise my bonnet if you dare!

3.

And what's a throne, if not a seat,
Too high for love to reach its feet?
And I've a chair at my fireside
That's made for use, and not for pride;
Around its elbows, worn and old,
The children shake their locks of gold;
So let the King enjoy his throne,
Unloved, unloving, and alone.
Come to me,
If you'd see
An easy throne—a Queen most fair,
Despise my kingdom if you dare!

THE RED PETTICOAT AND THE WHITE.

1.

Oh, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
And blinks from far away;
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free;
But if its wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass, and let her be;
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

2.

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways
Where follies come and go;
It stirs the primrose on its path,
Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
Oh, she's the girl for me!

DOUBTFUL TRUTH OF SOME OLD MAXIMS.

I have a great respect for Poor Richard and Dr. Benjamin Franklin and have tried in my time to turn some of their famous maxims to account; but I find, from observation and experience, they do not always yield the admirable results they promise. They are sober-looking, sensible seeming precepts, but somehow they fail on being reduced to practice; or rather, I might say, they are to a great extent impracticable, and do not admit of being wrought into everyday procedure. I begin to be in doubt whether they are so wise and canny as they are commonly considered. I desire, therefore, to make a protest against a few of them, and to state, in my rambling way, what I fancy may be said on the other side. I don't care much about being logical; if anything illogical occurs to me which seems pertinent to the occasion, I shall say it, without regard to consequences. I wish the ghosts of Poor Richard and Dr. Franklin, and all other maxim-mongers, dead or living, to understand, that some of their renowned sayings are becoming questionable; that here, at any rate, they shall for once be questioned. Anything they may have to say in the way of reply, shall have due consideration; but meanwhile, they are to be politely and respectfully informed, that they are not any longer to pass for the perfect and infallible sages they have been hitherto esteemed.

By way of beginning, let us look at this celebrated saying, which so many of us can remember having heard quoted for our admonition, when perhaps we were too young and heedless to take much notice of it, and were accordingly in no great danger of being misled by it:

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Can anybody in his senses take that for truth? I mean to say, I have seen it a thousand times contradicted by matter of fact. If there were any truth in it, I think I know who would have been a rich and a wise man. It would have been Boots at the inn—a fellow most exemplary for early rising, and who, both from principle and disposition, always goes to bed as soon as possible. He even sometimes goes to sleep in his boot-house, or in a hayloft in the middle of the day; and, to show that his habit in this respect is no pretence, is usually very difficult to awaken. Earlier than the middle of the day, we think, nobody could reasonably be expected to seek repose; and thus Boots may be said to fulfil the first demand of the grave maxim as literally as it is possible to fulfil it. Then, as to rising early, it is well known that he is always first up in the house. During most of the year, he is up long before the sun rises; he has the traveller to call who is going by the coach or an early train, the hot water to get ready for the gentleman who shaves by candle-light, a score or two pair of boots and shoes to polish, and to clean the knives for breakfast; and all this has to be done before anybody else is moving. Boots plainly fulfils the second condition—that of getting up betimes. And now, what is the result in his experience? Is he wise or wealthy? Not at all. If Boots has any character at all, it is probably a character for stupidity. The most one ever sees in him, is a little flippant shrewdness of the Sam Weller description—a quality as little like wisdom as Day and Martin polish is like sunshine. Boots certainly does not profit on the score of wisdom by his early rising; neither can he be said to gain much by it in the way of *healthiness*. He has generally a besmutted, dingy, unwashed, unwholesome, and comfortless appearance, which betokens anything but healthiness—betokens rather a worn and forlorn and vagabondish state of mind and body. Boots, perhaps, is dissipated—drinks at the barrel when he is sent to draw the beer, spends his sixpences not unlikely in "goes" of ardent spirits, disdains contact with soap and water—lives, upon the whole, a shabby and reckless sort of life, thinking *that* the kind of thing most accordant with his calling. Rarely does he even so much as black his own boots, which, moreover, are commonly without laces. Clean-shirt days are epochs in his existence, like angels' visits, few and far between. Boots is scarcely reputable, looks usually like a blackguard, and is not unfrequently the great original he looks; yet he is pre-eminently the man who is first up in a morning, and, whenever he has opportunity, goes to bed in the afternoon—goes to bed, therefore, sooner than any other bed-requiring creature, for we count nothing of his often being up till midnight, as that may be reckoned the beginning of the next day with him; and with all this early rising and early bed going, Boots is still—just what you see him.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
makes Boots

Neither healthy, nor wealthy, nor wise.

Well, I think that much is proved. The maxim practically carried out, as in this individual case, turns out to be a fallacy. Nobody need tell me, that as there are "no rules without an exception," so Boots is to be accounted an exception. I maintain with pertinacity that Boots comes strictly within the rule. He thoroughly complies with the conditions set down for his observance to gain the proposed end; and if he does not gain it, it is not because his case is any way exceptional, but because the rule has no relation to the consequences ascribed to it. Early rising is no doubt a wholesome habit at certain seasons of the year, and may be recommended as being in most cases conducive to bodily welfare; but any one who expects to become either healthy, wise, or wealthy, by simply getting up and going to bed betimes, will not have long to live to see the folly of the experiment. No pike-staff can be plainer than the fact, that a man's success in life depends not on his early rising, but on what he does and thinks about when he is up. You may rise before the lark, and go to rest with the domestic poultry, and be neither physically, mentally, nor pecuniarily the better for it, unless you observe at least a few other conditions, which the maxim under consideration does not take into the account. Poor Richard's saw, then, needs to be new set; and if it is not sharpened up a good deal, and turned nearly into a new one, it will have to pass in future, at a reduced value, as old iron.

Something similar, we apprehend, must eventually be the fate of another of these popular sayings: "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry." The inventor of this, perhaps, may be excused for his short-sightedness, as he did not live in the nineteenth century; consequently, he had never known or heard of the distressed needlewomen. These singular nuns of industry, as we are credibly informed, are in the habit of laboring for sixteen or eighteen hours a day to earn tenpence—finding thread and buttons for the work out of their wages. Here, surely is diligence with no offspring of good luck—industry, which is so far from obtaining "all things," that it cannot even procure a sufficiency of dry bread and decoction of chickory without sugar! What can an industrious needlewoman, seeking for consolation among proverbs, think of this one, except that it is—bosh? Put not your trust in proverbs, will be her natural prayer and admonition to all shirt-makers, seeing that whatever application they may have to the affairs of more favorably conditioned people, they have little or none at all to them. Those, like the present, which are founded on economical considerations, are utterly inoperative within their sphere of circumstances, and cannot be urged upon them with any shadow of justice or propriety. And what is true in their case, is true also in regard to numerous other sections of the community. What "good luck" from diligence ever befalls the great body of day laborers who, for six days in every week of their lifetime, when work is to be had, are, to say the least of them, more or less industriously employed? If "all things" are to be gained by industry, these laborious people ought to have a considerable accumulation in the savings' bank; but it is notorious that they have nothing of the sort—notorious that most of them find it difficult to make ends meet on Saturday nights, and that the majority are subject to the inconvenience of being perpetually in debt. How are facts like these to be reconciled with the bland assumptions of the maxim? You might as well attempt to reconcile the proceedings of party politicians, after coming into office, with their previous professions while in the ranks of "opposition." Good luck and prosperity are no more the necessary consequences of mere habitual diligence, than good performances are the results of liberal promises in political administration. The great gains promised to industry are dependent on other conditions; on complicated concurrences of circumstances, in which industry comes in as only one of many elements, and that, usually, by no means the most significant. Industry, to be profitable, must be directed to remunerative pursuits; and even then, success will be to a large extent determined by fortunate combinations of opportunity, adroit contrivance, lucky chances, and ingenious expedients, in conjunction with which, mere industry, will often play but a very subordinate part. Why, then, should poor, struggling, hard-toiling people be tantalised by such preposterously foolish saws as this we are considering? It has no manner of application to their confused and perplexed circumstances; it can afford them no comfort in any crisis: and as a reproach for their lack of acquisition, it is senseless, and mercilessly cruel. Let it be banished to the limbo of absurd and obsolete thrift-lumber, and never be reproduced, save as a ludicrous curiosity, to show the senselessness of what formerly passed for wisdom!

The next pretentious fallacy we have to notice takes the form of a plausible admonition: "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." This seems a simple enough rule for avoiding bankruptcy, and we can fancy a youthful adventurer setting out with it as part of his stock-in-trade, with the confident expectation of obtaining quick and profitable returns. But if he has nothing better to rely upon, we do not see how he can keep out of the Gazette. Mere sticking to his business will not save him, for a certainty. He will find in the long-run that success in shopkeeping depends somewhat on the amount of capital he can command for carrying on his enterprise; a little upon the demand there may be in his neighborhood for the articles he proposes to supply; and also a little on the extent and kind of competition to be encountered in the same line of business. There will be other contingencies that will more or less affect the speculation. From his eagerness to go into business, he may have selected an unfavorable situation—a situation where, in fact, no new shop happens to be wanted, and where the utmost standing behind the counter will not avail to attract customers. You could not very well drive a trade in jewelry in Seven Dials, nor would refined confectionary be like to answer in Spitalfields. A bookseller's shop would meet with little patronage in an agricultural village, and a toy-shop would seem an insult and an abomination on a genteel terrace where the houses are occupied by old maids. A baked-potato stand would hardly do in Pall Mall, and whelks and periwinkles would meet but a slow sale in Mayfair. It is not, therefore, by merely attending closely to the shop that the shop can be made to keep the keeper; there must be an adaptation in the shop to existing wants; the possession of capital by the shopkeeper to enable him to maintain his ground till custom comes; a surrounding population, sufficiently numerous, with disposition and ability to purchase what he has got to sell; and not too much competition to hinder him from obtaining reasonable profits. All these several conditions are taken no account of in the maxim; and hence, as a rule of guidance, it is irrational and misleading: and any one who is weak enough to hazard his success upon it, will be likely to pay a very paltry dividend in the day of his insolvency. It may indicate one of the manifold conditions of success, but taken as the sole and full expression of the law through which success is to be attained, it is as pitiful a generalization as was ever invented by the stupidity of man. Whoever may have a fancy to try it by itself, will see how he will succeed with it.

These three specimens of the wisdom of our ancestors and their economical philosophy, may suffice in the meantime for the reader's consideration. Some persons, I know, pretend that such saws were not made for individuals, or even classes, but for the great body of the people; that they are mere deductions from the common experience of mankind; that they are general rules of life, too brief to detail the conditions they imply; and that those conditions are too well understood to make the detail necessary. Maybe so; but I take things as I find them written down; and out of his own mouth I condemn poor Richard. I have myself been getting up early all my life, pursuing project after project, but have made no hand of any. I have tried diligence and idleness day about, but neither was the mother of good luck. I have kept seven shops since my apprenticeship expired, and not one of them ever kept me. Poor Richard, I say, is a greenhorn, and his saws are bosh.

FRENCH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

We believe that the excessive restraints put upon young girls in France, as well as the excessive liberty given to young girls here, are both susceptible of advantageous modification. Considering the restraint in France as proceeding from a lack of, and the excessive liberty here from an exuberance of confidence, there is undoubtedly more abstract moral beauty in the latter. But, on the other hand, the restraint in France, whenever it takes its source in purer motives, seems to be more in harmony with the peculiar sphere of extreme youth. One great advantage growing out of it in France is the social preponderance which it gives to married ladies; to ladies who bring their more mature age and riper experience to bear upon the social atmosphere; which consequently assumes a more dignified, more intellectual aspect, drawing within its circles the choicest specimens of humanity; while, wherever a different *regime* prevails, men of enlightened culture, and women of fine, mental and social aspirations, busy themselves in the exclusiveness of domestic life, and desert a society which, being ruled by boys and girls, offers no particular attraction for those who seek in social circles more than the mere gratification of gymnastic exercises like dancing, and the interchange of superficial sentiments. In this sense more real homage is paid to woman in France than even in our woman-worshipping country, since physical display, the mere animal buoyancy inherent in all female youth, is not the all-despotizing controller of society; and since womanhood is duly honored and respected, albeit years may have impaired her outward charms, and although marriage may have put her beyond the calculating aspirations of Benedicts and Lotharios. This not only elevates the tone of French society, but also relieves it from the odious nightmare of calculation, which, in societies controlled by young, unmarried people, throws a wretched halo of moneyed selfishness over it, by engendering suspicious that a gentleman approaches a lady for the purpose of matrimony or engagement.!

This material principle strips the social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen of much of its generous spontaniety; the sense of humanity is apt to be crushed out; man ceases to be man—he is either courted as a profitable suitor, or is put on the ban as an unprofitable acquaintance. On the other hand, it is with women as with actors, only a few stars are noticed; the rest, unless possessed of great wealth, are put on the shelf of man's thought, while the young girls are left to have fine times with the young boys. They may be some good elements in a state of society established upon such precocious and unreasonable principles, as we may have opportunity to show on some other occasion. But at present we are only desirous to eliminate from the French social code those elements which, in our humble opinion, do more ample justice to women of every age.

The gratifying result of this more harmonious arrangements is not only palpable in the more elevated tone of society, but it also reacts powerfully upon the character, and, what is still more important, upon the domestic position of the French women. The greater social preponderance of the French mother and the French wife, gives her more weight and character with her children and husband. How can a young lady listen respectfully to the admonition of her mother where the sense of social insignificance of that mother comes daily home to the daughter's mind? What mental and moral influence can a wife exercise over her husband when the husband realizes every day that away from the hearthstone the wife is a mere cypher? In France the mother preserves her moral and intellectual supremacy over the daughter, and the daughter cherishes reverential feelings of regard for the mother's judgment by the dignity and authority which the mother derives from her social influence. In the same manner the matrimonial relation is benefited by this influence. A truly high-minded husband loves to see his wife surrounded with social influence and pure homage and thus to her other claims upon his affection and solicitude is added that of a respected member of society. This feature practically influences the mind of the French husband to a greater degree, perhaps, than other claims of a more sentimental nature.—*The Crayon.*

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.—To one visiting, after long years of absence, the village he left in childhood, everything seems to have grown little with years; its old, magnificent proportions have dwindled away; the long drawn avenue of other days, appears to have been shut together like a telescope, and the village has shrunk in its valley, like a dried filbert in its shell. The village "creek"—for what old hamlet was without it?—is strangely narrowed, and he wonders if the world has indeed grown so very old, that its very veins are running dry; and he fancies they have been "setting" the world over in "minion," that Nature stereotyped in "great pica," and so now there is pocket edition of the village and the vale.

THE PICKPOCKET;

OR,

THE FOLLY OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

"Yes, I consider him a tip top fellow in almost every respect; he has but one fault," said I, in reply to a question from Bob Smith.

"Nonsense!" returned Bob. "How can you make such a foolish statement as that? The man is not alive who has but one fault; we all have scores of faults. It is only when a man practises one particular vice that we put all other follies out of sight, and say 'he has but one fault.' I myself used to be one of these first-rate fellows who had but one fault, and a most unlovely course of sprouts did I have to go through to effect a cure. The rock upon which I split was a darling sin that did most easily beset me. From boyhood I was afflicted with an almost irresistible propensity for indulging in practical jokes; many a troublesome scrape did I get myself into, and many a friend did I lose by such means. But nothing, however serious might be the result, could deter me, when an opportunity offered, for practising my absurd sport. If the victims were angry and indignant, I only laughed the louder, and wondered that they could not see the fun of the thing. But at length, one of my most exquisite jokes recoiled on myself with so much force that I can never even think of a practical joke without a writhe at the disagreeable recollections the thought suggests.

"As I was ascending the steps of the Exchange reading-room, one day, about two years ago, I saw, a little in advance of me, my intimate friend, Dick Jones. Accelerating my pace to overtake him, I observed the corner of a large pocket-book protruding from his coat pocket, and I said to myself, 'What a careless fellow that Dick Jones is! I'll give him a lesson that will make him more careful in future.' Coming close behind him, I adroitly transferred the well-filled wallet from his coat to my own pocket; then falling back among the crowd that is always coming and going at 'change hour, I entered the room by another door, waiting the moment when he should discover his loss, to step forward and give him his wallet, and a long lecture at the same time.

"I had some little difficulty in keeping him in sight, as he rushed hastily hither and thither, bowing to this man, shaking hands with that, and having a few words with another. I managed to follow him, however, taking care that he should not recognize me, and chuckling at the consternation it would occasion him to find his pocket-book missing. Presently he put his hand behind him, started, and turned round, for the first time giving me a view of his face. Great Jupiter! it was not Dick Jones at all, but a gentleman I had never seen before in my life. Here was a predicament! As the enormity of the act of which I had been guilty presented itself before me I was completely overwhelmed; the blood rushed to my head as though I was about to have an attack of apoplexy, and for a moment everything swam before my eyes. Recovering myself with an effort, I started forward, but only to see the gentleman I had robbed vanish through the door at a high rate of speed, and almost instantly become lost in the hurrying crowd.

"What was to be done? Why, return the gentleman his pocket book at once, of course. But how? I didn't know who he was. True, the contents of the wallet might reveal that, but with what face could I seek out the injured man and say, 'My dear sir, here is your pocket book which I stole from you a short time since? I am sorry for the theft, and now return the property. The only apology I can offer is, that I mistook you for another gentleman, whom I supposed I might rob with impunity!' What would the deeply-injured and badly-frightened gentleman say? and, above all, what would he do? Would he not with righteous and just indignation say, 'You confounded, contemptible thief and pickpocket, you have been the cause of my having a bill protested to-day; you have occasioned me a shocking loss of valuable time; you have prevented a splendid bargain; in short, there is no end to the evils that have resulted from your atrocious crime. Your story of the mistake is a palpable humbug, and you only return the property because you feel certain of being detected before you leave the city. This sort of crime is becoming too common, and I feel it my duty to give you in charge of the police.' Yes, undoubtedly that is what he would say; he would then open the door, beckon to an officer, and have me arrested; I should be dragged to prison, examined and committed without bail. At my trial the plea of a mistake, or a joke, might be set up; but an intelligent jury would consider the defence lame, and shake their heads gravely; the judge would say that every other pickpocket might plead a mistake if this was admitted, and I should be found guilty; and then, if luckily I should escape with only one year's imprisonment, everybody would exclaim, 'How easily the fellow got off!'

"With these and similar thoughts running through my head, I paced the hall with agitated steps, endeavoring to think of some method of extricating myself from my unpleasant predicament.

"'What the deuce am I to do?' I kept repeating to myself, as I fingered the confounded wallet, which fell like lead in my pocket, and weighed much heavier than lead upon my mind. 'How can I get the infamous calf-skin back to its lawful owner? Such things have been done; we often read of similar restitution in the papers. Let me see, how is it to be done without being discovered? Ah, I have it!' I exclaimed, almost aloud, in my intense satisfaction at the idea. 'I'll just do it up in a neat package and send it by post. What a goose I was not to think of that before.'

"With a heart much lightened, I eagerly started to quit the hall. Horror of horrors! at the entrance I beheld the gentleman I had robbed engaged in conversation with a couple of policemen, who stationed themselves at each door, narrowly watching every person who left or entered the hall.

"Words cannot express the utter, hopeless despair into which I was thrown at this terrifying sight. Any attempt at restoring the property under these circumstances would be sure to be considered the effect of fear and not of honesty. Here I was, as it were, imprisoned with the most convincing and substantial proof of guilt about my person, and with a couple of lynx-eyed detectives barring the entrance, from which I kept as far as possible, pretending to be absorbed in the perusal of a paper, for I was conscious my flushed and agitated countenance would betray me at the first glance. What would I not give to have been as free from guilt and as much at liberty to go and come where I chose, like other honest men, as I was an hour before! But no; there I was, a trembling, skulking thief, watched by the police, and liable at any moment to be arrested, with the evidence of my crime upon me. Oh, that accursed pocket-book! how I searched the hall with my eyes for some place where, unobserved, I might hide it. But an instant's thought convinced me that such a proceeding would only render matters worse; doubtless I was already closely watched, and would be seized upon the first suspicious movement.

"'And suppose they do arrest me?' I said to myself, making a desperate effort to reason myself into a calmer and bolder frame of mind, 'suppose they do arrest me? I am well known in the city; no one would suspect *me* of being a pickpocket. I can produce abundant evidence as to my character; I can prove that I am a gentleman and an honest man—*only* it so happens that I have got another gentleman's wallet in my pocket, and cannot deny that I stole it from him an hour or two ago. Mighty honest and *gentlemanly that is certainly!* No; I'm a thief beyond all remedy. No one would believe my story; indeed, it is so improbable, that I can scarcely credit it myself.'

"At this moment a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. I felt the blood leave my face and rush back upon my heart; my knees trembled and smote together, and involuntarily I gave myself up as lost.

"'Why, what in the world is the matter with you, Smith?' asked a familiar voice; and with an inexpressible sense of relief, I perceived that it was not a policeman, but an old acquaintance.

"'Good heavens, Spencer!' I exclaimed, frantically clutching his hand; 'I have got myself into the most deplorable scrape. *Will* you give me your advice, and assist me to get out of it?'

"'What kind of a scrape?' asked Spencer; 'going to have a bill protested, or anything of that kind; I'm a little short myself, to-day; but I suppose I might raise the amount if it isn't too heavy.'

"'No,' I replied; 'it's worse than that—a thousand times worse.'

"'Worse than that!' exclaimed Spencer. 'Why, what in the name of wonder can be worse than a protest?'

"'Spencer,' I said, blushing clear to the tips of my ears with shame and confusion, 'I have got another man's wallet in my pocket. I thought to play a good joke upon Dick Jones, but found, when too late, that I had picked the pocket of an entire stranger. Now what shall I do?'

"'Why, return it, of course," replied Spencer, coldly bestowing upon me a glance of contempt.

"'It is too late to do that,' I replied. 'There are a couple of policemen watching the door, and I cannot pass them without being detected.'

"'It's a very awkward affair certainly—very awkward,' he returned, glancing uneasily towards the door. 'For my part, I don't see how you are to get out of it. I don't know that there is anything I can do; and as matters will probably take a serious turn, you must be aware that I am rendering myself liable to suspicion by stopping here and talking with you. So good morning, Mr. Smith. I wish you well, and out of your trouble.'

"'For heaven's sake, Spencer!' I exclaimed, observing his look of contempt and suspicion, 'you don't suppose that I am guilty of this thing—that I did it intentionally and for the purpose of robbing the man?'

"'Why, really, Smith, I do not wish to be either judge or jury,' said Spencer; 'but it does look somewhat singular that you should pick any man's pocket of a large amount of money, whether you happened to know him or not. You say it was done for a joke; perhaps it was, though I must confess I cannot see the point.'

"'At all events, you'll not betray me?' I asked, in an imploring tone.

"'No,' he replied—'I'll not betray you.' Then with a severe look, he added, 'that is, not if you follow up your *present* intention of restoring the property.' And he turned away and left the room.

"'Good heavens, I'm lost!' I muttered, while the perspiration poured down my face. 'He believes me guilty, and so will everybody else. What can I do? I shall never be able to face these confounded policemen. Without doubt I shall pass this very night within the walls of a prison, in company with other felons. What will the world think of me? What will my friends, and, above all, what will Marie think when she learns that I am a common pickpocket and thief?'

"Almost fainting from excess of emotion, I leaned against a pillar and gazed vacantly about me. 'Change hour was nearly over, and the crowd that had thronged the hall was rapidly leaving. In a few minutes there would be scarcely a dozen persons present, when the officers would have no difficulty in ferreting me out. I strove to nerve myself for the event that was impending by walking rapidly backwards and forwards across the hall. Presently some one entered the door—it was Dick Jones.

"'Dick!' I almost screamed beckoning him towards me.

"'Why, Bob!' he exclaimed, as he came towards me and grasped my hand, 'what is the matter? Are you unwell?'

"'Yes—very,' I replied; and with a sense of the deepest humiliation I recounted the circumstances.

Dick heard me to the end in silence, looking very grave.

"'Surely you do not think I intended any evil?' I ejaculated, in an agony of spirit, as he *continued to gaze upon the floor, silent and* thoughtful.

"'No, Bob,' he returned, very gravely; 'knowing, as I do, your unfortunate propensity, I cannot but believe your statement, though the case certainly looks bad, and I fear it would be difficult to convince strangers of your innocence.

"'But you will do something for me, won't you, Dick?' I said.

"'Why, yes, I'll do all I can,' he replied. 'What is the name of the gentleman you plundered? I will go to him and see what sort of an arrangement I can make; we shall have to do it quickly, too, for I see the officers are watching us. What's the name?'

"'I have not the slightest idea who he was,' I replied. 'I shall have to examine the wallet to discover that. Do you suppose I can do so without being observed?'

"'Well, you will have to risk that,' said Jones. 'Go into that corner and examine it; I will stand before you to prevent notice as much as possible. Be quick now, for there's no time to lose.'

"With trembling fingers I drew the accursed wallet from my pocket and read the name upon the clasp.

"'It belongs to Mr. Jenkins, of South street,' I whispered to Dick.

"'The deuce it does!' he replied; 'then I'm afraid we shall have some difficulty in arranging the business, for he has the reputation of being a stern, hard man to deal with. However, wait where you are, and I will go and see what can be done. And, he continued, lowering his voice, 'if anything should happen before I get back I will come to the police-station and see you this evening or in the morning.' He then hastened out of the hall.

"People may talk of shipwrecks and disasters at sea—of the solemn hour before a battle, or of the breathless interval before the word to fire is given in a duel; but I'll be hanged if I believe I should suffer one hundredth part so much in any one of those situations as I did for half an hour after Dick left me. Dinner hour was approaching, and the crowd rapidly dispersed, until there were scarcely twenty people in the hall. That I might not render myself unnecessarily conspicuous by wandering about with an evident want of purpose, I bent over a desk and pretended to be reading, while I kept my eyes upon the door, watching and dreading the entrance of the formidable detectives. Oh, how long seemed the minutes that I stood there waiting and trembling, hoping every minute to see Dick returning, and yet conscious that he had not been gone half long enough to accomplish anything!

"At length, as I turned my eyes for the hundredth time towards the door, I saw the officers come in and walk up the room; they passed and repassed me several times, and though I did not raise my eyes from the paper, I was conscious that they were examining me attentively. Presently one of them came, and leaning over the desk by my side, began carelessly turning the papers, while his searching gaze was bent fixedly upon me. My heart was in my mouth, and my breath came and went with difficulty.

"'Can you give me small notes for a hundred?' he asked, abruptly, laying his hand upon my arm.

"'No—no, sir, I cannot; I haven't it about me,' I stammered, without raising my eyes from the paper.

"'Haven't it about you!' said he. 'Why, what's that?' and he rapped his knuckles against my pocket, which the wallet caused to bulge as only a rich man's pocket should bulge.

"'That—that is only a bundle of papers,' I replied.

"'Papers, eh?' said he, 'well, let's have a look at them.'

"'What do you mean, sir!' I exclaimed, making a frantic effort to appear indignant, though not daring to raise my eyes to his face.

"'You'll soon find out what I mean,' he replied, seizing me firmly by the arm and beckoning to his brother officer, who appeared to be expecting the summons.

"I cast a despairing glance towards the door. Could it be that fate had at last relented? Yes. There was Dick and the gentleman I had robbed coming up the steps; they called the officers aside, and a long conversation ensued, Mr. Jenkins and Dick appearing to be urging something upon the officers, with which they seemed reluctant to comply, for they occasionally looked at me and shook their heads. But at length the arguments of my friends seemed to prevail, for the officers walked away towards the door, and the former approached the spot where I was standing.

"'Give the gentleman his property,' said Dick, very gravely.

"*Sheepish and blushing, I produced the diabolical pocket-book*, and returned it to its owner.

"'Young man,' said the gentleman, severely, 'I am doing wrong—very wrong, in allowing you to go at large. It is my duty to deliver you up to justice. Your story of the mistake and the intended joke is absurd; people have but one object in picking pockets. But in consideration of this being your first offence, and more in consequence of the entreaties of your friend, I have consented to allow you to depart, and I sincerely hope my mistaken kindness may not be thrown away upon you.' Then, with a bow to Dick, he left the place.

"'There, Bob,' said Dick, in a grave and serious tone, 'let this be a warning to you. No one but myself knows what a narrow escape you have had; another time you may not be so fortunate.' After thus addressing me, Dick too left the place.

"With the deepest sense of humiliation, I slunk out of the room, and sneaked home, a much wiser man than I was in the morning."

CAVALRY CROSSING THE FERRY AT ALLAHABAD.

Our engraving this week represents Cavalry crossing the Ferry at Allahabad, India, from a sketch by an eye-witness. It makes a spirited picture. Some of the horses do not seem quite to like the operation, but ropes before, and whips behind, bring them to the tug. At the last reports, English affairs in India looked no brighter.

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

Black eyes most dazzle in a hall;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain!
The blue a conquest most retain;
The black bespeak a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day;
The black may features best disclose;
The blue may feelings all repose;
Then let each reign without control,
The black all mind—the blue all soul!

Savage Courage.—The following act of barbarous courage is related of Revendee Bey, surnamed the One-eyed, who was the object of great attention at Constantinople. His father died when he was only sixteen years old, and the Kurdes, his subjects, refused to acknowledge him as his successor, on account of his youth, styling him smooth face. Having called together the revolted chiefs, he advanced in the midst of them, and said—"Well, you doubt my personal courage, I will now convince you of what sacrifices I am capable." And with this remark he immediately tore his left eye from the socket, and threw it on the ground. This extraordinary act of courage so astonished the Kurdes, that they threw themselves at his feet, acknowledged him as their chief, and afterwards fought for him like lions This anecdote has also made a deep impression on the Sultah, who has restored him all his property.—*Raikes.*

The First Kiss.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning thus describes a love scene, in which it is supposed she speaks her own experience:

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clear and white,
Slow to world greeting, quick with its "Oh, list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead; and half missed,
Half falling on my hair. Oh, beyond meed
That was the chrysm of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "my love, my own."

CHEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Look from the midnight to the morns—
Be patient through the pale distress;
Evermore reddening out of thorns
Comes the sweet rose of happiness.

'Tis only through the dismal rack
Of clouds, our eyes can bear the sun—
Only the broken glass gives back
A thousand shapes instead of one.

ALICE CARY.

THE KAFIRS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Kafirs attach great importance to the appearance of their cattle, and take much pains to improve it, as they think. With this view, they cut the ears so as to give them a jagged look; pieces of skin are partially cut from the face and suffered to hang down; incisions are made through the dewlap, portions of which are also partially severed and left hanging towards the ground. The horns—at least those of the oxen—are sometimes modified, and made to assume a most unnatural aspect. Means are occasionally employed to cause one horn to bend downwards while the other remains upright. Among the herds of the Zulu king, horns of most extraordinary shapes may be seen. One ox, for instance, will have his horns bent backwards toward the shoulders, while a second stands by with one horn crumpled in front, and the other tending downwards. Not far off are several beasts whose horns meet at the tips like an arch over the head; and before you have done wondering how this was accomplished, your attention is attracted by what seems a veritable unicorn, for his two natural horns have been brought together on the top of his head, and made to grow up in contact.

The cattle are easily fed; but they, too, have their destroyer, the lion, who will brave missiles and musical alarms, and drive back a battalion of royal warriors; he is sometimes taken alive, the king's slaves being commanded not to kill him, so that the desperate wretches, flinging themselves upon the brute in a host, sacrifice several of their number, while others seize him by the head, tail and limbs, and ultimately overpower him. The great game animals of Africa are generally dangerous; the buffalo often kills his assailants; the eland will drive them for shelter among the branches of a tree. The gnu is called by the Bechuanas a man; they say "we fight together." An European was once charged by a gnu after two of its legs had been broken. The zebra will bite, and the elephant will convert a hunt into a pitched battle.—From the forest to the village:—Mr. Shooter has a good anecdote of barbarian manners:

"A certain chief in Natal, who is generally admired by the young women, visited a friend of his own rank; when a sister of the latter fell in love with him, as he displayed his fine figure and barbaric graces in a dance. The chief was unaware of the impression he had made, until the damsel presented herself at his kraal and avowed the state of her heart. Not reciprocating the admiration, he told her to go home. She flatly refused; and, having no alternative, he permitted her to remain and sent a messenger to her brother. That personage caused her to be brought back; but she soon reappeared before the handsome chief, and begged him to kill her if he would not make her his wife. He was still unmoved, and despatched a second message to his friend, who ordered a severe beating to be administered to the girl after her return. The stripes, however, were as ineffectual as remonstrances; and ere a week had elapsed, she was a third time in the chief's presence, reiterating her protestations, but without success. When the communication reached her brother, he lost all patience and answered that his neighbor had better marry her. The chief persisted in his refusal, and there was a great interchange of messages; but, yielding at length to his counsellors, he consented."

But when the admiration is first excited in the heart of the warrior, he has not seldom to combat the scornful criticisms of his lady-love. He must go to the river, bathe and oil himself, and appear before her with shield and spear. Then, sitting down, he awaits inspection. She, not deigning to address him, tells her brother to bid him rise; pleased with the front view, she orders him to turn round; satisfied so far, she insists that he shall run and walk to prove that his limbs are sound. But all girls are not beautiful enough, or sufficiently petted, to enjoy this privilege, and those humbler maidens, if they object to an eligible bargain, are whipped for their contumacy. When married, they have to suffer the jealousy of their colleagues and rivals, the elder wives having been known to hang or flog to death a younger one.

"In the following instance a wife was killed by her husband's brother. A wealthy man, having lost one of his wives, was assured by the prophet, that she had been poisoned by a wife of his brother. That person was of a different opinion, and attributed her death to the anger of the spirits. Sumali was therefore spared, but afterwards, when another wife died, suspicion again fell on her, and the bereaved husband determined that she should be slain. Accompanied by some of his people, he went to his brother's kraal, and announced his determination to kill the alleged 'evil-doer.' Her husband wept, for she was a favorite; and his mother advised him to resist. He was afraid to do so; his wife had been accused by the prophet, he was a poor man, he was dependent on his brother, and thought it best to submit. Sumali, knowing that her fate was inevitable, had put on her dancing-dress and ornaments, and was told to accompany her executioner to the bush. She now kissed her children; and, taking up the youngest, requested in vain, that it might be killed with her. The child having been forcibly removed from her arms, she was led out of the kraal, and strangled."

Mr. Shooter cites a number of cases illustrative of the fact, that poisoning is a frequent crime among the Kafirs. They are supposed to be acquainted with the qualities of strychnine; the soil yields a variety of deadly roots; almost every kraal, according to one authority, has its poison matter; but they are not in the habit of murdering white men by this means. Family avarice or jealousy is the usual motive. Yet the darkest element in the picture, is the tragic mania that characterizes the mourning for a chieftain's wife, not such a deliberate slaughter as in Dahomy, nevertheless, horrible and indiscriminate. After the death of the Zulu King Tshaka's mother, 60,000 people congregated.

"The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcases of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon, the whole force formed a circle, with Tshaka in their centre, and sang a war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tshaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre."

Ten of the best-looking girls were buried alive. The murderous frenzy lasted a fortnight.

CHINESE POLITENESS.

The essence of good manners is in the preference for others in the smaller affairs of life—in a petty benevolence reduced to rule and enforced by society upon all to supply the want of the reality in many. The rules are defective in proportion as the civility is barren. Tried by this test, the Chinese are not much in advance of ourselves. They give you, says M. Huc, the most pressing invitations, but it is on condition that you refuse them. The native Christians of a Roman Catholic station in the north went one saint's day to attend service in a chapel attached to the house of a catechist. The service ended, the catechist pressed the whole of the congregation, which was numerous, to stay and dine with him. Every one replied to his entreaties by an excuse. With an air of mortification at the repeated refusals, he at last caught hold of a cousin, and begged him, by the ties of relationship, to remain. The cousin pleaded business, and, after a protracted contest of earnest requests and peremptory denials, the catechist proceeded to use force, and endeavored to drag his refractory relation into the house. "If," said he, "you will not eat rice with me, at least come in and drink a cup of wine." The cousin consented to this compromise. After sitting long, and no wine appearing, he ventured to inquire when it was likely to be brought in. "Wine! wine!" said his astonished host; "do you suppose I have any wine here? and do you not know that I never drink wine, since it gives me the stomach-ache?" "Then, why," replied his guest, "did you not let me go, instead of insisting on my coming in?" The question threw the catechist into a rage. He abused his cousin for an ignorant boor, asked him where he had learnt manners, and with cutting sarcasm exclaimed, "What! I do you the civility to invite you to drink wine, and you have not the courtesy to decline!" M. Huc, who witnessed the scene, speculates upon the motives for the usage, and comes to the conclusion that when it costs nothing everybody wishes to appear kind and generous to everybody; while all, on the other hand, are flattered by receiving warm invitations and by their own delicacy in refusing them. These are matters in which people like to be duped, notwithstanding their inward consciousness that they are deceived.

Beauty in South Africa.—The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists, when Lord Grey was Colonial Secretary, proposed "to split the difference, and call him Grey." The Kafirs themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu King is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding and therefore of high social position; besides, as a Kafir said to Mr. Shooter, in the event of a famine a fat person might survive till the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned in Zulu to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by Nature, he broke no bones, whereas had he been slim his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL
FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

September 1st.—This morning I had an answer to my letter from Sir Edward Singleton, and some few details concerning Alice. He says she was not neglected in her illness and death, for though Mrs. Hardfast left her, there was an Englishwoman, resident in Brussels, (a teacher, he believes, named Mervin,) who was with her to the last, and who followed her coffin to the grave. She is buried at Brussels, and there is a cross put up as on the other tombs, and a slab with her name and the date of her death. There is then no tribute of love or gratitude that *I* can pay her—strangers have done all. *I* do not remember ever feeling so conscience-stricken, so depressed by any event as by this. To think I have been breathing my reproaches to a dead heart, hungering for a sight of one who has been dust these two years—Did she remember me when she died, I wonder? Oh! Alice, and so hard as I was to you once!

September 12th.—Emily Clay and Hugh Cameron were married the day before yesterday at Stockbridge old church—the last marriage that will take place there previous to its being pulled down. I am told that it was a very gay and very pretty wedding, but I did not see it. At first I thought I would go and sit in one of the galleries as a looker-on, but when the time came I changed my mind, and stayed away.—They sent me cards, and, besides, there was a little letter written by Emily after they came from church, and before they set off on their tour. The good, kind heart hers is! She said she looked round as she came out, in the hope of seeing my face, and was disappointed not to do so.

Since I wrote to Sir Edward Singleton about Alice, he has been over here again on the old subject, but I told him it was of no avail; I respect the kindness there is in him, but love him I never could.

September 29th.—Grannie and I are going to become travellers: it is remarkable to see the old lady's spirit, and how she enters into all my plots and plans! We are to go by way of Belgium, stop at Brussels, that I may see Alice's grave, and then proceed to Paris, and spend the winter there. Ferndell, meanwhile, is to be shut up, for it is impossible to tell how long we may remain away. Uncle Henry insists on my returning for my coming of age next year, but we shall consider of that when the time arrives.

I had one of those great surprises yesterday which, perhaps, fall to the lot of all women of fortune. Colonel Vernon made me an offer. He is a man whom I admire and respect, but love him, no! Indeed, let all around me speculate as they will, urge as they will, plead as they will, single I remain unless my whole heart can go with my hand, and that it can never, never do. I never can love any one again as I loved Herbert Clay. I have never had a moment's freak of liking for any one else, and never shall. It was a strange oversight of us, when we broke our engagement in that abrupt and silly way, not to exchange letters, and those pledge rings we gave each other. I do not wear mine, but I keep it very safely—and his letters, too,—perhaps he has burnt mine. Miss Thoroton knew nothing about his marriage with any Miss Hargrave; she thought it must be his cousin, Mr. Frank Clay, at Grassleap—it may be. I have asked several people about her, and they all agree as to her amiability and accomplishments—her beauty I saw for myself.

I have just been glancing over some former entries, and I see that I once made a vow to myself never more to write his name in my book. I have broken it without thinking, but my vow shall be renewed again here. To all meandering regrets, to all lingering follies, a long farewell; a final farewell! I will leave thee at Ferndell, my old book, and not drag my records of past pain into future scenes.—Some day, perhaps, when I come home again, a little stronger, or a little colder in heart, I will inquire of thee what I used to be, and tell thee truly what I am become.

FERNDELL, *March 1st*, 1854.—It is six years since I wrote the last word on the opposite page. Six years! There it stands in yellow-brown characters, the written promise pledged to my old book, that I will tell it what I have become. There is that voluminous note-book that I kept when I was abroad; five years and a-half of travellers' experiences. What shall I write? I think I will bring up events to this date; more matter will arise out of that, perchance.

Grannie, there, is as flourishing as ever.—Cousin Jane has a houseful of children; Mrs. Cameron has three; the widowed Lady Deering has become Lady Singleton; poor Betsy Lawson is dead; Miss Thoroton has retired from the Stockbridge school, and Miss Smallwood, who has succeeded her, does not make things answer; Mr. Clay, of Meadowlands, is dead, and his son Herbert is the liberal member for Stockbridge.

Ferndell is looking wild and desolate, and this great house is dreary, dreary as the Moated Grange, where Mariana dwelt and pined. And I, my faithful confidant, I am Eleanor Clare still, and likely so to remain—wait till to-morrow, and I will tell thee something more.

March 2nd.—I fear I am passing into a frame of promise and non-performance, my dear book. I promised yesterday more intelligence of myself—yet, what news have I? Yes, there is one bit of vital interest which shall not escape the chronicle. This morning, Mary Burton discovered my first gray hair, and maliciously twitched it out! I forbade her sternly, ever, at her peril, to repeat the offence! Then I may communicate that my schools are going on well, and that I often lack employment. I wish I had to work for my bread a month or two, just to try what it feels like.

March 3rd.—Last night I was dining at the Crawfords, and met Mr. Herbert Clay. Philip Crawford brought him up, and introduced us as strangers, and the first thing I saw was my signet-ring with the bloodstone, on his little finger; what right has he to wear it, I should wish to know? Possibly he never gave it up. We sat down on the couch near me, but he did not talk at all, and scarcely looked at me; at dinner it was the same. I inquired after his mother, and he said she was gone to live at Ashby, to be near Emily, and that he was alone at Meadowlands now. The Cousin Frank and his wife (she was the Miss Hargrave whom I thought Mr. Herbert Clay was to marry) were there; she is handsomer than ever. I was glad to see in what respect Herbert is held, young as he still is, but I felt surprised at his extreme reserve. It may not be his ordinary manner, however, for I overheard Mrs. Crawford ask him if he were ill, and he confessed to being tired.

April 1st.—My visit at Burnshead is over, and on Saturday, I go to Ashby-on-the-hill. Emily tells me she has set her heart on it; so, with one or two qualms, I have consented to please her; but it will be a great pleasure to me, too. I drove into Stockbridge a day or two since, and made a call upon Miss Thoroton. She begins to be quite decrepit, and her hand shakes almost as if she were stricken with the palsy. Her memory is failing her too, because she spoke of Miss Alice as "a poor, dear girl"—"a clever, high-spirited creature, whom I educated, my dear, and who died abroad," and then she repeated the story of her death and burial, very minutely—but as if Alice had been a favorite, instead of the butt of all her persecutions. I thought it was as well to keep her in that frame of mind, and I told her in how desolate and neglected a condition I had found her grave. "Ah! did you put her a wreath of everlastings on it! There are everlastings on graves—graves—what were we talking about?" she began to maunder in a pitiable, helpless way; at last, she cried with energy! "I would have asked her forgiveness, if she had lived; I did not like her, and I believe I did wrong by her. I know I said what was not true, and it has been on my conscience a long while. So she is buried at Brussels; very strange—Brussels! I was once in that cemetery. I should wish to go—" and then she became quite indistinct and babbling again. Miss Smallwood came in while I was there, and made a pitiable statement of her affairs. She said the old school was all gone to pieces; she had but three pupils; and one of them had never paid anything for two years. She looked very gaunt and shabby—but I did not see that I could do her any good; certainly, I cannot recommend her school; I do not think her fitted to have the sole charge of children—she is so extremely harsh and unpleasant in her manner. When she was going away she signed to me to speak to her outside the room, and then asked me to lend her five pounds. I was very glad to give it to her to soothe my conscience for thinking so ill of her.

April 5th—Ashby-on-the-Hill.—I have been here with the Camerons three days, and shall leave on Thursday. They are very happy, and have two of the dearest little children—a boy, Herbert, and a girl, Eleanor. Herbert is a very fine fellow—said to be more like his great grandfather Clay, than any branch of the family that has appeared since him. Emily has a sensible, nice way with her children. They are both rather wilful and headstrong; but she can be so quietly firm, and yet withal so kind, that there is never the sound of a dispute in the house. Hugh Cameron has found a great treasure in her, and they are both extremely liked at Ashby. Mr. Herbert Clay is absent in London on his parliamentary duties, and will not be down again until the Easter recess. I *have met old Mrs. Clay several times*, but her manner is just as lacking in cordiality to me as it always was. She cannot hide her bitter dislike.

April 6th.—A terrible event occurred to-day! Emily was at the school, and Hugh gone over the hill to Deanswalk, when Mrs. Clay arrived at the rectory. I thought she looked very wild and bewildered when she came into the drawing-room where I was sitting, and her face was quite suffused, but at first I imagined she had over-heated herself by walking fast. She rested on the sofa, and loosed her bonnet. I had only turned away a moment to pick up something belonging to my work, when I heard a gurgling, struggling noise, and on looking hastily up, I saw that she was in a fit. I rang the bell, and the servant came in, and laid her on the couch, and the gardener ran for the doctor. Mrs. Clay had not altogether lost consciousness, and she had taken a convulsive grip of my hand, which I could not extricate. She rolled her eyes fearfully, and muttered detached sentences, in which her son's name was often repeated—but I could not make out any sense. The doctor presently arrived, and Hugh and Emily came home, and she was carried to a bed; but she never revived, and to-night, about seven o'clock, she died. A death so sudden and painful has been a terrible shock to Emily. Hugh entreats me not to leave her at present, and if I can be either use or comfort to her I shall be glad to stay. Herbert has been written to to come down immediately, but we cannot expect him before to-morrow evening.

April 7th.—Herbert Clay arrived late last night, and is much affected by the manner of his mother's death. He is anxious and miserable that she should have had no warning, as he calls it—no time for preparation. Hugh Cameron looks serious, and bids him leave her cause in God's hands, now we can help her nothing. Emily weeps pitiably. What a strange, strange thing this death in a house is! We go stealthily by the closed door where the dust lies, as if our natural step could disturb it. We speak in whispers, as if our natural tone would wake it. With what awe we look on the vacant mask of clay, whose animating spirit has already stood face to face with God, and learnt the great mystery and secret of death! The mystery and secret we shall learn ourselves, anon. I paused on the mat outside the door, to-night, on my way to bed, and listened. I think there is no hush like the hush that pervades the air where a corpse lies. I had my hand on the handle to go in, but at the remembrance of how she hated me, I refrained. I wish she had died at peace with me.

April 14th.—I came home to Ferndell the day after Mrs. Clay's funeral. I was reluctant to stay for several reasons. Herbert was not at his ease with me, and then the will—such a will! Mrs. Frank Clay said she considered it infamous. It is difficult to understand how a dislike to me could have carried her lengths it has done. Mr. Clay left his wife sole guardian and executrix, when he died, with unlimited power over every farthing of his invested property, over Meadowlands, and even over the mill and capital embarked in it. Neither Herbert nor Emily possessed a single shilling independently of her. She had taken advantage of the confidence reposed in her by her husband, to devise the property in the following way. Herbert and Emily to share equally in the invested property, Herbert to have Meadowlands and the business; but—(and this is put in the strongest and clearest terms,) but should Herbert Clay marry Eleanor Clare, he is instantly to forfeit every interest of every nature in the estate, and his share to be equally divided betwixt Herbert and Eleanor Cameron, whose rights are to be vested in trustees, duly named and appointed. Thus, if Herbert Clay desired to return to me, he would have to do it as a penniless man. His mother knew her son's pride well, when she dictated this clause of her will!

I was glad, then—oh! very glad—to escape from Ashby, where he was; but I cannot—no, I cannot yet forgive that miserable dead woman for pursuing me with her malignity, even beyond her grave! Herbert and I love each other still—never shall we—never shall I, at least, let any other affection usurp the place of the first! Now, if I had been the portionless girl at Burnbank, I might have been a happy woman—wife and mother—as other women are, but as heiress of Ferndell, there is a great gulf fixed between my love and me. I should not write this. I would not even confess it to myself, but that in those few mournful days at Ashby, though we were both so silent—both so constrained, I knew—I felt—all the time that Herbert was thinking only of me as I thought of him. Nobody named the will to me but Mrs. Frank, and she could not restrain her anger. Mrs. Clay ruled her children despotically enough, while she was alive. Surely the yoke should have been broken from off their necks at her death! It is too much! too much! To feel that Herbert loves me as fondly as ever he did; that now we had met—and his position rises to what the most fastidious and worldly could have desired for me—this frightful bar must be put up between us. I wish I could know that he regrets it as bitterly as I do! I have told Grannie, and she said, "My dear love! if it is to be, it will be!" but that does not console me.

April 24th.—I have had Mrs. Frank Clay over to see me. She says that Herbert is bent on giving up all at Stockbridge, taking the few hundreds he has laid by since a seventh share of the business has been in his hands, (and which he may truly consider his own, as he would have done, had his father been alive,) and going to New Zealand.

She says he declared, in the homely, west-country phrase: "If Eleanor Clare would come to me in her smock, then I would take her and be the most contented, poor man in the three kingdoms; but marry the rich heiress of Ferndell—myself almost destitute—I never will; so help me God!"

Why does he not come and tell me that to my face? Does he think I love Ferndell as I love him? Does he think I should be happier in this great, dreary house, fading into old maidenhood alone, pining and unsatisfied, than I should be with him in that little rustic cottage, he used to fancy when we were scarcely more than boy and girl—the dear wife of his heart, the mother of his children. He ought to have the courage to come and speak to me honestly, as I would speak to him where I Herbert Clay and he Eleanor Clare. Oh! he knows—he must know—I love him; and if he understands at all what a true woman is, he must know, too, that she will set no wealth, no rank, in competition with her love. Why does he not dare to speak to me? Can he have conceived some false idea of me since we have been so long apart? Can he think I would scorn him? I would honor him if he could make the vast sacrifice which his mother has attached as the penalty of our marriage. It would be noble—it would be grand! Then would I know how much he loved me; and I would give up Ferndell to Jane's and Henry's children. It should be sold, and they should all share in it alike. Oh, what an infatuated fool I am, feeding my heart on dreams, as if this could ever be!

May 6th.—I have not been out of Ferndell since I returned from Ashby; I think I am losing heart, losing health! I know I shall never live if I am to be miserable like this. Emily Cameron writes me almost daily about her brother. What can I do? Is it for me to beseech him to stay? I cannot, I will not do it! If he love me, let him come and tell me so, and I will forgive him all the rest—all his doubts, all the pain I have had to suffer for him—and keep him here. If he is proud, I am proud, too; but it is easier for him to bend than for me. He can come to me, and say, "Eleanor, we two love each other; thus much must I sacrifice to obtain you, but I count it nothing in comparison with my love—" I do not think men's hearts are like ours. I begin to fear that the time has come when Herbert has ceased to care for me. That is a miserable thought! Oh, why did we meet again, after I came from abroad? I had not forgotten him, not ceased to prefer him, but I had become quite still and resigned to being alone; now it seems to me as if there were neither hope nor joy in life apart from him.

May 10th.—This is a bitter struggle; I sicken over it; if it last much longer scarcely shall I survive it. Yesterday Emily Cameron came over here and brought her boy. It was torture to me. There the little fellow sat drumming, with the toy he had brought in the carriage, and innocently prattling, while I longed to hear of Herbert. It was not until she was leaving that I could ask if he still persisted in going to New Zealand, and she replied, "Yes, she believed his preparations were very forward;" then asked me if I did not think it a wild scheme. I did think it wild.

"Then bid him stay, Eleanor," replied she, looking at me meaningly. I felt faint and ill, but I did not open my lips, and she drove away.

This morning's post brought me a letter from her. She says my haggard face haunts her—what does it mean? Let her guess what it means. She has known heart-sickness herself!

May 12th.—Peace at last! I was straying this afternoon down into the beech-wood alone, so solitary, so utterly desolate, when I came suddenly on Herbert Clay. He said he had seen me from the road: he had left his horse at the lodge, and had come up to meet me.

"And what have you to say to me, Herbert Clay?" I asked as proudly as I could, but my throat swelled, and I know my face was pitiful. We were in among the trees, no one could see us, and he just took me in his arms and kissed me as if I were his wife. "Eleanor, I would lose the world for you!" said he, passionately; and I told him I would come to him as poor as himself.

Then all that blank of years seemed to fall away out of being and out of memory—to say that I was happy is not enough: I was too contented, too joyful for words to express! And it is all, all true; no dream, no frenzy has bewildered me. I shall be Herbert's own faithful, loving wife!

"And shall we go out of England?" I asked him.

"It should be just as I desired," he said.

"Then we will live among our own people here at Stockbridge," I answered, "in that cottage by Brookend, where there are the roses and the earwigs—your old fancy, Herbert, shall we?"

He said, "If I liked it, we should."

I can scarcely have patience to sit still and write and remember how completely the old spirit came into us both after that; there was no more doubt, no more anxiety. I believe we shall go hand in hand through our chosen poverty up to our present estate again before we are old—not that I care to be rich—all my sorrows have risen out of that; but I should like Herbert restored to his place—I should like him to be to others what he is to me—the best and highest-hearted of men!

After we had walked in the beechwood till I was tired, we went in to Grannie—of course, she understood it all the moment we appeared, and she clasped her hands in great agitation. "You will not surely be so silly!" was her remark.

We could neither of us help smiling, but Herbert said, we were bent on marrying each other, and we should begin life together afresh at Brookend Cottage.

"At Brookend Cottage! and what is to become of Ferndell?" asked she, dismayed.

"It is going to be transferred to Henry's and Jane's children," said I, "leaving you as life tenant."

"Nothing of the kind. I shall go back to Burnbank; I always liked it better than this wilderness place." And Grannie knitted very fast and carelessly.

I put my face down and looked at her; "Tell me, Grannie, that you are glad to see me happy?" said I.

There were tears in her dear old eyes; "My love, did I not tell you if it was to be, it would be?" replied she. "Well, I am happy; I would not have liked to see Eleanor Clare wither into an old maid."

Now, then, to strengthen myself for the battle that I foresee betwixt Scropes and Cousin Henry and myself! I shall fully expect to be called insane for what I am going to do, and Herbert will not escape either; but what matters it? We shall have each other, and shall be happy. I believe we are two Solomons, myself.

May 17th.—Cousin Henry and Mr. Scrope are just gone, in the impression that I am the most obstinate, unreasonable, foolish woman on the face of the earth. I am not certain that they really think so, but they said so, and said the world would say so, too. What care I for the world? It has done nothing for me, and I do not choose to sacrifice my life to it. Why should I? My little circle of it will talk, and wonder, and premise, and settle for nine days, and then they will be quiet; unless they choose to profit by the moral lesson, that there exist in the world one man and one woman who love each other sufficiently to give up wealth for poverty. Herbert is up here every day, nearly, and we are making our own arrangements quietly. He has bought that Brookend Cottage for two hundred and seventy pounds, and it is now undergoing thorough repairs. I went over it, and found it contained a pretty little bay window drawing-room opening upon the lawn, a dining-room, and four bed-rooms—quite enough for us. The owner told him it was quite a fancy article, and so it is; one of those pretty, picturesque, flowery cottages, to which disappointed heroines in novels retire to spin out the rest of their days. Its situation is very secluded—about two miles out of Stockbridge, in the Meadowlands direction. I proposed to take into it some of the furniture out of my "sulky here," but Herbert said "No;" and I am obedient. He, however, gives me a dispensation in favor of my own books, and of all the pretty trifles we brought from my room at Burnbank; and Grannie will take back thither the plenishing of the garden apartment that we have in daily use, and which she furnished herself, as all the Burnbank things were sold when we left. She says it will feel like going home again; she has never considered herself more than a visitor at Ferndell. There was only one thing grieving me, and that was her pony carriage; but Uncle Henry says, of course she shall keep it; and the present suggestion is, that Clara Favell, his eldest girl, should go and live with her as I used to do. Clara is a nice, merry body, and Grannie likes cheerfulness.

There is some speculation afloat as to how, when, and where I am to be married to Herbert. We have arranged it ourselves. Burnbank will be ready to receive us in a month from this time. Grannie and I go thither by ourselves. The papers are to be prepared for transferring Ferndell to the Scrope and Favell children. Herbert is to get a lease as tenant of the mill; and in September we are to be married. A brief space it seems since his mother's death; but her wicked will has so unsettled him, that it cannot be wrong or disrespectful to make it as speedily as possible lose its evil influence; and as he, as it were, begins life afresh, the sooner he begins it the better. He resigns his seat in parliament. He is much commiserated by some, much blamed by others; but never, I pray God, shall either of us live to regret the step we are about to take.

June 29th.—Cousin Henry has been over to see how we have settled at Burnbank. "Perfectly," I tell him; "we are quite at home again." Grannie looks remarkably cheerful and contented; and, when Henry talks about my wildness in giving up Ferndell to please Herbert Clay, she cuts him short with: "Well, Henry, it will only come to those who ought to have had it from the beginning." And when he persists that I lose my share, being one of the three heirs, she just bids him hold his tongue.

When we left Ferndell, Burton thought he could not come down to the "small doings" at Burnbank again; so he went up to town to get a better situation; and we have hired that beautiful Anty Craggs as our "odd man." His face is fatter and more freckled, and his hair is redder than ever; but he is a civil servant, and very careful in driving Grannie up and down the hills, which is the chief thing he has to do. Herbert comes down on Saturday evening, and stays with us over Sunday.

August 15th.—Dr. Rayson has laid claim to his paramount right to marry—having baptised me; but as both Mr. Scrope and Hugh Cameron think they have, at least, an equal right, they are each to assist the other, and all be satisfied. They tell us it is only once in a life-time they can expect to perform the services for so romantic a pair, and they will not lose the opportunity. Herbert is very passive in the matter, for his hands are full of business. I want to get the papers signed that make over Ferndell to my cousins' children; but both Mr. Scrope and Cousin Henry insist that I shall not put pen to paper until the very morning of my marriage, just before we go to church, when it will be still time to change my mind, if I feel so disposed. Grannie and I have been to Stockbridge, to see my future home, now it is finished. I think it a gem of elegant simplicity. Oh, I shall be happy there! The day fixed for our marriage is the sixth of September. It is to be very quiet: only the Camerons, Scropes, Cousin Henry and his wife, and Clare, old Mrs. Lake, and Dr. Rayson are to be invited. This is Herbert's wish, and mine too. The school children at Ashby, Ferndell, Burnshead, and this place, are to have a tea-drinking on the occasion; that is all the lively rejoicing we intend. Lady Deering and Lady Singleton express the profoundest wonderment at Herbert Clay and myself; and Lady Mary Vernon vows she shall take us for the hero and heroine of her next book, for she is sure ours is a sweetly pretty story, and a very good plot.

My wedding day. Come and almost gone! Ferndell belongs to the Scropes and Favells, and I belong to my own love, that is, true Herbert. I have nothing to write but that I am happy, happy, too happy for many words! I see before me the years of a life that will suffice my heart better, a thousand-fold better, than all the rank and money in the world. Herbert, who is watching me impatiently while I write, says it shall lack nothing he can give to make it blest; and I believe it. With him it can lack nothing; without him it lacks all. Now, let me sign myself by his name, and leave the rest of the page blank.

ELEANOR CLAY.

ANECDOTE OF BEAU BRUMMELL.—Of this hero of the toilet, Mr. Raikes says in his journal:—During the height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habits of play, but having dined freely had dropped into the club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and adding to the £10 in counters which Tom had before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1,500. He then stopped, made a fair division and giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him, 'there Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.' I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell, which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal.

"Among the singular characters that frequented Watier's Club was a man named Bob Bligh, a heavy fat fellow, as mad as a march hare. * * * One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, 'Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol!' Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table and said—Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter. The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman, who had loaded weapons about him."

PRETTY.—The following sonnet from the Southern Literary Messenger, by Henry Timrod, was written on a small sheet of note paper on which the author had been requested to write some verses:

Were I the poet-laureate of the fairies,
To whom a rose-leaf were an ample page,
Or could I, like thy beautiful canaries,
Sing with free heart and happy in a cage,
Perhaps I might within this narrow space
(As in some Eastern tale, by magic power
A giant is imprisoned in a flower)
Have told thee something with a poet's grace.
But I need wider limits, larger scope,
A world of freedom for a world of passion,
And even then the glory of my hope,
Would not be uttered in its stateliest fashion:
Yet, maiden! when fit language shall have told it,
Thou'lt find the heart quite large enough to hold it.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S SAYINGS.—When Mr. Skinflint, of Beanville, died, there was quite a sensation in town about it. The bell was tolled, and the only flag in town—that which belonged to the tavern—was hung union down for twenty-four hours. His praise was in every one's mouth, though why they praised him none could say, except that he was worth a great deal of money. This was before Mrs. Partington moved from Beanville. "We have lost a great man, ma'am," said the minister, calling upon her; "so portly, so public spirited, so—so—rich." "Ah, yes," responded the estimable dame, with a tear of regret in her eye, "his goodness was past finding out—it was," said she, raising her hand, as if beckoning down a large word, by which to express herself loudly; "it was infinitessimal, and his right hand never knew what his left hand did, nor anybody else for that matter. He was such an excellent man." The minister coughed at the infinitessimal goodness, but he saw how kindly it was intended, and said nothing.

☞ A dwarf said to a giant: "We have equal rights." "Very true, my good fellow," replied the giant, "yet thou canst not walk in my shoes." "Ditto," said the dwarf.

INDIA.

The hot heart beats again, whose fitful throes
Plassy's fierce thunders frightened into rest;
The dark eye gleams, o'er whose indignant woe
Clive's forceful arm the unwilling eyelid pressed.

Like a wronged beauty, all her black hair flying
Its jewelled fillets in the spoiler's hands,
With no joy left but vengeance before dying,
Fierce, frenzied, frightened, this our India stands.

Look! she who crouched, as in the cane-brake green
Her own sleek tigresses, can leap as high,
And they who hunt the savage jungle-queen
Must set their choice to take her or to die.

INDIGO.—The war in India will cripple our supplies of this article, and as the demand for it is very great, we shall have to look about for some new place whence to obtain it. As it is a native of the southern part of our country, the planters should be quickly stirring to bring its cultivation back again to its native land. It will grow best on recently cleared lands, and requires a very moist soil; it must also be protected from high winds, and in time of draught should be well irrigated. Great Britain has been too smart for us, in making it grow best in her own possessions, and we have been compelled to import it from that country. Let us take our own again, and, by attention to its cultivation, keep it as one of the staples of our commerce.

PORTFOLIO FOR NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PERIODICALS.—Take simply a card-board back, or an old book back of sufficient size will answer the purpose, and in the top and bottom of the back place a bit of wire so bent as to form a loop inside the cover. Around each of these loops, from one to the other, a number of strings are tied, and behind these strings each number of the journal is slipped, so that they are held as firmly or nearly so as a bound book.

☞ There is talk in France of erecting a colossal statuesque monument to Napoleon III., by universal subscription, but the material, whether bronze or marble, has not yet been decided upon. In consideration of the manner in which his Majesty obtained his present eminence, we should say brass, by all means; but when we think how he has soaped and plastered the Parisians into keeping quiet for some ten years, we change our first fancy and see at once that the proper material is "Plaster Paris."—*Picayune.*

☞ Love, the plague, and the smallpox are often communicated by the clothing. That's a fact.

☞ "Be collected," as a tradesman said to a huge pile of bills scattered over the desk.

☞ A good story was related to us, a few days since, of a Boston merchant who visited New York to buy dry goods. He made a purchase of a firm and was retiring, when one of the partners said to him: "Mr. Jones, we have always traded with you, and you have always paid us promptly, but we hear that you have gone into fast horses." "Well," replied the shrewd fellow, "that ain't true, for I've got four horses and there ain't one of them that can go inside of three, thirty."

☞ The United States now mine only 9,000,000 tons of coal annually. Great Britain mines (and burns or sends abroad) 65,000,000 tons each year. If the consumption continues to increase at its present rate, the fields now most worked in Great Britain will be exhausted in about 300 years, and her whole supply in about 2,000 years more.

☞ CROKER AND THE IRON DUKE.—Croker pretended on one occasion to set the Duke of Wellington right as to some details relating to the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke shifted the conversation to the subject of the percussion caps used in the army; upon which Croker again ventured to be learned and contradictory. This upset the Duke's patience, and he exclaimed: "Come, Croker, I may not know much about Waterloo, but confound it, I should know something about copper caps!"

☞ FRESH, OR DRUNK?—At the Stafford Assizes, one of the witnesses having said the prisoner was "fresh," i. e. drunk, Baron Bramwell exclaimed, "Why do you use such a respectable, agreeable word as 'fresh,' to describe such a beastly habit as drunkenness? It would be better to say stale, or stinking, or filthy, than such a word as 'fresh!'"

☞ It is reported that the Atlantic cable is not likely to prove available for either of the projected Indian lines of telegraph. It appears that in its present coiled state it generates or absorbs a great amount of heat, and a fear is entertained of its being ruined by the temperature to which it would be subjected in twice crossing the tropics. It has been found that extreme heat in the parts under pressure forces the copper wire to the sides of the gutta percha and destroys insulation.

☞ Falsehood could do little mischief if it did not gain the credit of truth.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	6 @16
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@15	Young Lamb, whole	@5.00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	5 @ 7
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 @10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	6
Tongues, fresh,	55 @75	Hind do	10
Ox, each,	31@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 @40	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 @12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	18 @20	Young Pigs	@1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ₩ set	12½@ 25
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 @ 6
Chop ₩ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 14
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	12½@ 18
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 @40	Corn potatoes bu	60 @ 75
do bbl ₩ pk	12½@ 14	do bkt	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bbl ₩ pk	14 @ 18
Cabbage bbl	87½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	12
Salad head	1 @ 5	Tomat's per bbl peck	6 @ 8
S't Pota'es ₩ bus	@1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do ₩ lb	6 @ 8	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	86@1 00	Watermelons	25 @37½
do bbl ₩ pk	18½@ 25	Peaches ₩ basket	@1 50@1 75
Cranberries qt	12	do bskt ₩ pk	16 @37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 @ 87	Sab Pig'ns ₩	36 @ 37½
Chickens ₩ pair	37 @1 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds ₩ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	@1 50	Snipe, sand,	37½

SHELL FISH.

Terrapin(South)dz	@4 @ 6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	₩ bkt	@ 50
Lobsters lb	12 @ 18	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @4 00
		N Y do ₩ bbl	10 00 @12 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 @12	Perch bunch	6½@12½
Bass	6 @ 8	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	5	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	6
Rock	6 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	35 @ 45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	30 @35	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	30 @35	Sinecrose cake	2 @ 3
Eggs doz	16 @17		

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

Gov. Weller's majority in the late election was 11,000 over both of his competitors. The newly elected Legislature is largely Democratic.

Chief Justice Murray is dead. Col. Casey, of Tennessee, has been killed in a duel with Mr. Blair.

The California markets are dull, but the accounts from the mines are excellent.

The Constitutional Convention of Oregon was in session at the last advices, and some agitation had been occasioned by the discussion of the slavery question. It is proposed to submit it separately to a popular vote.

The Northern Light, recently arrived at New York, brings the California mails of September 21, $1,661,200 in treasure, and 728 passengers.

Col. Fremont has been in Mariposa, attending to disputes about his great claims there. He has paid a large number of judgments against him.

General health prevails throughout the State.

On the evening of election day, a severe shock of an earthquake was experienced in most of the interior counties of the State, lying along the base of the Sierra Nevada, and on the 11th, a smart shock was felt in the city.

Our dates from Brigham Young's dominions are to the 5th of August. The "Saints" still breathe defiance against the Government, and seem determined not to submit peaceably to the mandates of the official representatives who are enroute thither. A ridiculous report obtained some credence here a few days ago, to the effect that General Harney's command had been defeated by the Mormons with great slaughter. It is well known that the former could not, at present writing, have arrived in the territory occupied by the polygamists.

We have received by the Northern Light, a full list of the passengers aboard the lost steamer Central America. We have italicized those known to be saved. The whole number of passengers, it seems, was 454; known to be saved, 160; total passengers lost, 294. The crew numbered 101; crew saved, 29—crew lost, 72. Total lives lost on the Central America, 426.

FULL LIST OF PASSENGERS.

FIRST CABIN.

Judge Manson, Mrs Lockwood, daughter, and 2 children,	*Wm Birch and wife,*	*F Jones and servant,*
Mrs B Thayer, child, infant and servant,	*Mrs Pabud, 2 children, infant,*	*James P Birch,*
Albert Priest,	*Jabez Howes,*	*F A Baker,*
Mr Farmer	N Montgomery,	*Mrs J McKim*
A J Easton and wife,	S F Parker,	*Bowley, and 2 infants,*
P P Rowley, wife and 2 infants, nurse and servant,	J F Van Regan, *wife and infant,*	*Dr O Harney.*
	Mrs Eliza Cutchaters,	A J Alston,
		N Sawyer,
Wm McNeill and *wife,*	Samuel S Shreve,	Chas Gibb,
Capt F W Roddes and wife,	J V Dobbin,	D Danney,
Mrs F A Thomas,	*Mrs Elizabeth Smith,*	C Moore,
E Krushaild,	J Pell, *wife and infants,*	A Doud,
M Lashell,	C A Low,	A B Smith, *wife, child and 2 infants,*
T O'Neil,	G C Farham,	*Theodore Paine,*
G G Ridgway,	S D Dement,	H D Beach,
Peter Brown,	*H H Childs,*	E M Williams,
	M White,	Mr Sarori,
		Dr J Travis, *wife and 2 infants.*

SECOND CABIN.

D B Razzal	J W Tompkins,	G W Hutchinson,
Chas Blum,	*Isaac N. Thompkins,*	J C Clow,
D Levick,	Geo Mansell,	Peter McChardy,
L Fallon, *daughter and infant,*	S G Wheelwright,	J H Adams,
G N Gaul,	F Strauss,	H B Kent,
M Gutterman,	P Holter,	Mr Burchman,
Robt Edmanu,	L Dorsey,	Geo Lee.
J F Reed,	J O Stevens,	

STEERAGE.

W B Van Natter,	*B Regue, wife and child,*	*D H Ridley,*
E Ford,	Mr Spaulding,	H A Berry,
E W Eastman,	*E Wills,*	F G Van Waldheim,
F Henry,	T Willett,	Mr Beckendorff,
L A Follus,	Mr Maynard,	*Mrs Bull,*
A P Manlover,	J C Mitchell,	T Ryan,
W P Deshund,	T Hicks,	B Loring,
J Vanhorn,	H Rennell,	J Smith,
C Simon,	E Gibbs,	S Christman,
T Siegel,	R Short,	W S Eaton,
T Ravenna,	H Frank,	J H Ragland,
R E Roberts,	C Zimmerlin,	F Simmons,
W Van Reed,	W Falconer,	W R Fenner,
E Spahn,	D D Smith,	M L Montaguon,
W Flanigan,	H Hutchinson,	R J White,
S Caldwell,	W Stevens,	D Willett,
G Narramore,	R Reese,	*J Schuber,*
D H C Chapman,	N P Sanborn,	T R Hughes,
J Boynton,	W M Kendrick,	H Sibbot,
C McCormick,	W Bird,	A Closer,
P Moran,	W Wedge,	L Miller,
D Moran,	W Lee,	W G Berry,
J Morris,	W Gorley,	J Hround,
Bashelon,	W Chase,	P Lean,
W Young,	D Buckaway,	Mr Pullen,
W Delyea,	*Mrs E Connor and son,*	Mr Thomas,
J McLelland,	G Ceyello,	Mr Guild,
R C Farnham,	F Frehi,	Mr Johnson,
J Kerr	D Costa,	Mr Steward,
J H Foster,	L Daley,	T R Slantes,
P Kron,	R W Bagwill,	Mr Blanton,
Mr McGreenery,	A Moseley,	Mr Querpen,
B Berks,	D Young,	H H Bedell,
J Callahran,	B Casey,	P Pomery,
R I Smith,	*J M Casey,*	M D Spaulding,
J Schmeedmann,	A Crist,	V M Cnell,
H M Fish,	L Gushee,	Mr Haag,
S Mongold,	E Calder,	John Harris,
H Silberfield,	B Palmer,	R Hedge,
W Newman,	R Wilton,	C McGegan,
J Chapman,	*R Reed,*	H Beadsler,
Jean P Chaillan,	J Stetson,	C H Tuck,
H Frank,	J Tanner,	Chas Logan,
F Ash,	J D Horae,	B Hart,
Mark,	R Wade,	Mr Villat,
Wiley,	A F Crowen,	*Mr Fretchet,*
H Blackman,	L Wood,	Mr Shaw,
Mr Carter,	*J Eamud,*	*Mr Morse,*
J Wiley,	L Murray,	*F A Wells,*
S Richards,	F Murray,	E Meron,
Jas Whelan,	A Thebergo,	M Murphy,
F Batt,	G Hahn, *wife and son,*	J Stevens,
S Dorsett,	G Pope,	E Luckeman,
N Batt,	F Hastings,	M Crimins,
J Leech,	J Kahbe,	P Hall,
R Hutchinson,	J Rice,	F Melby,
H A Anderson,	W Probert,	H Hallard,
S B Munch,	N Leeper,	J Rodwell and wife,
W Geary,	E Lebee,	G Lebee,
C Gilbey,	I. M Young,	P Smith,
J B Gilbey,	E H Burt,	J Powell,
W J Reese,	M L McCloy,	W Burns,
J Quesnet,	P Finnigan,	J E Jones,
Simon,	G W Brainard,	E F Jones,
Woodworth,	A Greenlee,	H F Headley,
Kilburn,	S Lank,	J H Strom,
George,	P M Lank,	R P Lugden,
Howe,	*C Reed,*	Mr Danberg,
Chort,	P Butler,	J Denman,
Ede,	J W Cross,	*G Bruyn,*
Davis,	G D Sheppard,	O McGuire
Seaver,	H D Porter,	John O'Conor,
L Garrison,	T Barbel,	A Stinewe,
H Horn,	C Kirk,	R Bardick,
P Colt,	D Fisher, Jr,	E Condon,
L Gahn,	J W Sanborn,	J F Hoagland,
H Headley,	J Kay,	Daniel Mahoney,
Sullivan,	J L Weeks,	*M Lee,*
W Browning,	J L Buchanan,	J N Harrell,
Mrs Shaw,	S H Swan, *wife and infant,*	D Clark,
H W Crosh,	W C Owings,	*Mr Pool, John Taylor,*
H Adams,		

SUPPLEMENTARY WAY BILL.

CABIN.

Mrs De Kittredge,	*Chas A Voss,*	R T Brown.

SECOND CABIN.

J Bassford,	J W Mullen,	Noble Fish,
R Richman,	J N Munger.	

STEERAGE.

Meyer,	Mr Robertson,	*T McNash,*
J B Wells,	*E Frederick,*	J Lowenthal,
H G Anderson,	J Rupp,	J Wallace,
H H Miller,	*J Forrest,*	C Pritchard,
Mary Harnet,	P Dugan,	M Fredt,
Hon] Ramey,	J R Cheney,	R W Ogden & bro
Jos Smith,	D Kerr,	H Y Cabell.
Mr Anthony,	W G Thomas,	D F Shipman,
John Kelly	D W Foust,	E S Merry,
J B Guerber,	*L A Wells,*	T H Ball,
D Rutherford.	*Chas Taylor,*	J W Anderson,
Drake and bro,	J Christie,	R Taylor,
Kimball,	P G Goodnow,	A G Comstree.

TICKETS SOLD AT ASPINWALL.

Senor Jose Leguin, Consul-General for Peru, in New York.
Nicolas Tivado, his Secretary,
Adolfo Olivgren and brother, of Peru.
Senor A Richon, Consul of Belgium, at Lima.
J A Thune, for New York
Senor Escurdo, for New York.
8 de la Cova, infant and nurse, for Havana.
Dr Corpancho, for Havana.
Santiago Olivia, for Havana.
C de Lasola, for Havana.
Chas Taylor, for New York.
J McCarthy, for New York.
F M Smith, for New York.
Wm Graffus, for New York.
Capt Walter G Dyer, for New York
J Sellamer, for New York
George Ganis, for New Orleans.

STEERAGE.

Otis Barlow, N York,	Mr Oliur,	
as O Neil, do.	A Amm,	
C Filnado, Havana,	C W Griffiths,	
M Bertand, N Orleans,	T J Morris,	
Frank Carpenter,	*Wm Osborn,*	
Wm Hemmel,	F Grisith,	
Wm Plasso,	Thos Maloney—32	

NEWS ITEMS.

AMERICANS IN CALCUTTA, E. I.—In August last there were about eight hundred Americans residing in Calcutta, E. I., and in this number were many women and children, whom their countrymen were thinking of sending home in the ship Daniel Webster, then in port, and loading for Boston, Mass.

WAGES REDUCED.—The New England Worsted Mills, in obedience to the demands of the times, held a conference with the overseers of their mills in regard to a reduction of wages of 12½ per cent., to which the operatives agreed. Afterwards a number of the operatives left, but the mills are going on as usual.

RATHER SEVERE.—A letter addressed to "the Church of God," at Portland, Me., some years ago, was returned to the General Post Office, with the endorsement, "Misdirected—we have nothing but sectarian churches in this place."

We take the following from the Louisville Democrat of the 16th inst: "Considerable excitement was created yesterday at one of the fashionable drinking saloons of this city, by a lady, who, according to her own statement, 'will soborize the men.' The lady aforesaid, who belongs to uppertendom, went into a bar-room, and called for a brandy smash, with as much coolness as a regular male toper, drank the preparation, deposited a dime, and left. The barkeeper, being a handsome man, has struck for higher wages.

THE French possessions in India consist of five towns,—Pondicherry and Karikal, on the coast of Coromandel; Yanaon, on that of Orixa; Chandernagor, in Bengal, near Calcutta; and Mahe, on the coast of Malabar. The territory of all these places is only sixty kilometres square, and the population is 160,000, of whom 2,000, at most, are Europeans.

CORN HUSKING MACHINE.—A new device for this purpose has been patented by W. H. Smith, of Newport, R. I., whereby the corn may be husked direct from the stalk. Endless bands take the stalk up to saws which cut off the stalk, the corn is then stripped by brushes, and other bands take it away.

THE Albany Express says that the Speaker of the House of Representatives "by granting the floor to certain members at certain times, when they are not entitled to it, can enrich himself to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars in a single session!" Moreover, we are told on the same authority, that "$10,000 is sometimes offered to the Speaker for the privilege of the floor."

At the suspension in 1837, gold sold in New York at 13 per cent. premium—but it is now sold as low as 1 per cent.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—There is no truth in the rumor that a tubular bridge is to be built in the place of the suspension one now spanning the Niagara river. The railroad company has a long lease of the present bridge, and have no idea of expending money on a new structure.

THE Democratic majority in the Legislature of Pennsylvania will be about 10 in the Senate, and 22 in the House. Packer's (Dem.) majority for Governor will be very large.

THE GULF STREAM.—Bayard Taylor states that the fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics, by the Gulf Stream. Think of Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

MANUFACTURE OF STRAW.—A sugar mill is in full operation at Chelsea, Massachusetts, which manufactures one barrel of Chinese sugar cane syrup per day.

A TRIAL FOR THE ONE CENT.—The Washington Star of the 8th says that some days ago a produce dealer in Washington sold a customer a half-peck of potatoes for a shilling, and in taking his pay from a quarter dollar, returned twelve cents change. This the customer declined to receive, claiming thirteen cents as his due. A dispute ensued, which ended in the customer getting out a warrant for the odd cent, and, the case being tried, he recovered it.

CAUTION TO LADIES.—A lady, residing in the village of Stamford, Conn., was very severely burned, on Friday evening last, in the following manner:—She had been applying to her hair a mixture of castor oil and alcohol, and, approaching too near a lighted lamp, her head became enveloped in a blaze, and the flame was not extinguished until the lady was so severely burned that she is now considered to be in a critical situation.

"THE PAST AND PRESENT" OF HARLEM LAKE.—On the 7th of July, 1648, the work of draining the Harlem Lake, in Holland, was commenced, and on the 1st of August, 1852, the official gazette announced that the bed of the Lake was dry. At the beginning of the present year, 17,000 hectares of good land were under cultivation on the site of the lake, divided into 2,518 farms, and 157 dwellings, and 721 barns and other buildings had been erected. The population is 5,157.

A NOVEL WAY TO PREVENT A RUN.—It was rumored on Monday last that a "run" would probably be made upon the Salina Bank, whereupon a crowd of "Salt Peisters" gathered around the doors of the institution, threatening personal chastisement and "riding on a rail" to all who attempted to embarrass the bank. The run was not made.

SUICIDE FOR LOVE.—William Huling, committed suicide in Iowa, last week, under the following circumstances:—He had been paying serious attentions to a young lady, and seeing her ride past with another gentleman, and knowing that they would soon return, he went and hung himself upon an apple tree by the road side, in full view of the lady and his rival, and soon expired.

JOHN M. GENIN, the celebrated hatter, has been obliged to suspend. He has been doing a very large business, his sales amounting to some $800,000 a year. He hopes to get an extension and to pay in full.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, grandson of Mrs. George Washington, died on the 10th, at Arlington, Alexandria county, Virginia.

BACON.—The Lynchburg (Va.) Courier states that Captain Buford, of Bedford county, recently sold in that city, 80,000 pounds of bacon, at twenty cents per pound, making the snug sum of $16,000 for two crops of hogs.

THE WAY THE LAND WENT.—When the Congress of the United States were enacting the swamp land laws of 1849 and 1850, they little supposed that they were making a donation of fifty-four millions of acres of land to the States named. It had been represented that a few hundred thousand acres of overflowed land in these States were entirely worthless, and that the general health of the country required their being drained and brought under cultivation. Such lands it was intended to convey to the State as an indemnity for any improvement which might be put upon them. The law has been made to cover in its operations much of the very best lands of the whole western country. Particularly has this been the case in Louisiana. Under the act of 1849, the approval of the department passes the fee. Thus has Louisiana received a title to upwards of seven and a half millions of acres. One million nine hundred thousand acres have been patented to Missouri.

A MODEL BUSINESS MAN.—A Western customer of one of the Pearl street shoe houses, owing them a bill which he wished to pay promptly at maturity, and finding it impossible to obtain exchange for the purpose, immediately wrote his creditors that he would forward leather in sufficient quantity to pay the demand, expenses of transportation and commission for sale included. The letter came to hand within a few days, and following close upon its heels came the leather, which had been forwarded all the way by *express*. Such a desire for promptitude is worthy of the highest commendation, the more especially in these times of distress and suspension.

THE movement of produce, which must take place at an early day, will have a very beneficial effect upon the railroads of the country. The canals and lakes will soon be closed to commerce, and so remain for five months, during which time transportation must go on the railroads. As the roads have the means of doing a business capable of giving new vitality to their finances, stockholders may begin to expect a return from them.

HOTEL PRICES COMING DOWN.—The proprietor of one of the New York hotels announces that the price of hotel board is reduced from $2 50 per day to $2.

THE FIRST SHINPLASTER.—If New York was the last to suspend, it is the first to issue those swindling scraps of paper called shinplasters. The first, the News of that city says, was issued on Wednesday, by one John H. Babcock, promising to pay the bearer "twenty-five cents for value received." A piece of coin of the value of a fippenny bit will soon be a curiosity in New York, if such doings are allowed to go on.

THE following are the official returns of the votes for Governor in Philadelphia city and county at the late election. Packer, (Dem.) 27,719, Hazlehurst, (Amer.) 14,815, Wilmot, (Repub.) 10,001.

THE OHIO ELECTION.—The vote at the recent election was so close, that official returns only will decide the result. The State Legislature will probably be Democratic.

KANSAS advices to the 13th inst. have been received. Both parties still claim to be victorious. Gov. Walker defends the voting of soldiers at Kickapoo, on the ground that, being six months enrolled in the service, they were constituted citizens.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—The bank directors and leading merchants held another meeting to-day, and discussed the policy of an extension of money facilities. Messrs. William and Nathan Appleton advocated the policy of increasing the loans by an addition of $13,000,000. The bank officers expressed an earnest desire to afford all possible relief to the business community. The meeting then adjourned till to-morrow.

ON the New York Central Railway on Thursday evening, 15th instant, a mail train of cars was thrown off the track west of Syracuse, and down an embankment twenty feet, in consequence of a piece of the road being washed away. One lady was drowned, a gentleman killed, and twenty other passengers wounded—six seriously. The mail car and all the mail bags but one were burnt.

EFFECTS OF THE PANIC ON EMIGRANTS.—The prospect of hard times for the coming winter, has largely increased the number of passengers going to England. Every ship going to Liverpool has all the passengers she can carry, and multitudes apply for opportunities to work their way across the Atlantic. It is supposed that as soon as the news of the financial revulsion reaches the other side, there will be a decided check to emigration from the Old World.

THE BILL LEGALIZING THE SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS BY THE BANKS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Bill passed by the Legislature, contains twelve sections, which are in substance as follows:

First, Removes all penalties against the banks inflicted by existing laws, in consequence of a suspension of specie payments, until the second Monday in April next, and requires the banks to resume the payment of all their liabilities in coin on that day—the banks being permitted to do banking business in all respects as if meeting their liabilities in coin; limited, however, during suspension, to dividends not exceeding six per cent. per annum.

Second, Requires a statement and publication, under oath, of the leading items of the banks of the cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Allegheny, on the first discount day in January next, and weekly thereafter, namely—the amount of loans, amount of specie, and balances due from banks; amount of circulation, and amount of deposits and balance due to banks. The country banks are required to make and publish similar statements monthly.

Third, Requires the banks to receive and pay out the notes of all other banks in the Commonwealth that were in credit on the 1st of September last, and which shall continue solvent; giving to the officers of any bank the right of application to the Governor for the appointment of a commission for the examination of any bank sworn to be in an unsafe condition. From the time of appointment of the said commission, the notes of the alleged unsafe banks may be refused, and if reported unfavorably against, to be wound up.

Fourth, Authorizes collectors of taxes and treasurers, to receive the notes of solvent, though suspended banks, in payment of dues to the Commonwealth.

Fifth, Requires the banks to pay the deposits of the State Treasurer, from time to time, on demand, in specie, to the amount of the interest on the State debt.

Sixth, Gives stay of execution on judgments for one year, if the defendant satisfies the Court he is possessed of estate in fee simple within the county, worth, above all incumbrance, the amount of judgment; *provided*, the section shall not apply to wages for labor, nor to debts upon which stay of execution is expressly waived; nor to judgments on bonds and mortgages, unless the interest thereon shall be paid within sixty days after the accruing of the same.

Seventh, Fixes the time of the Act taking effect—which is immediately, except the third section, which is inoperative until accepted by the banks respectively. It also requires the payment by the accepting banks of ½ per cent. of their capitals into the State Treasury, on or before the 1st of January next.

Eighth, Repeals the 47th section of the Act of 1850, requiring the country banks to keep their notes at par in Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Ninth, Gives the Legislature the power to revoke or annul the charters of any banks accepting the provisions of this Act.

Tenth, Prohibits banks, saving funds, insurance companies, etc., from the purchase, directly or indirectly, of the notes of any of the banks of this State at less than par, under penalty of not less than $500, or more than $1,000—one half to the informer, the other half to the Commonwealth.

Eleventh, Prohibits the sale of collaterals pledged, with or without power of attorney, for the payment of credit or money loaned, for a period of six months, without the consent of the debtor in writing.

Twelfth, Extends the notice required for payment of moneys by the charters of saving funds and trust companies in all sums exceeding $100, to two months, during suspension.

A NEW ANIMAL FOR FARMERS.—A valued friend and correspondent, in New York, informs us, upon authority which is undoubted, that a naturalist in South America, has undertaken to introduce into the United States, from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty *Llamas*, the well-known animal of Peru and Ecuador, which are used there as beasts of burden, and which produce the wool, or rather hair, called alpaca. The adventure has been entered into by a very responsible house on the south-west coast of South America, who have collected the animals and chartered a vessel to transport them to Panama, whence they will be conveyed to New York, where they are expected shortly to arrive, and will be offered for sale.

These are very hardy, docile animals, capable of carrying over the roughest portions of the mountains of South America, about three hundred pounds weight each. They are easily nourished, and it is believed that though coming from a much warmer climate than our own, they will stand our winters as well as our sheep, and be equally or more profitable in the production of wool. We shall keep our farmers apprised of the arrival of the first importation, and, if we are furnished with it, with the address of the party or house, having the disposal of them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW CHEAP CAN WE LIVE!—A sort of modern Diogenes in Massachusetts, a Mr. Thoreau, has been amusing himself and astonishing his neighbors, by trying the experiment of how cheaply a man can live who discards all the superfluities of life. Having borrowed an axe, he went down to the shores of Walden Pond, where he built for himself a hut of hewn logs, and which he occupied for two years, supporting himself chiefly on fruits of the earth raised by his own hands. During eight months of this period he kept an account of his expenses, which amounted to sixty dollars, including twenty-nine paid for materials for his house. He recently published a volume, giving a narrative of his experience. The book abounds in shrewd remarks, and is written in a graceful style, furnishing evidence that the somewhat cynical author has improved his time. He wages warfare in this volume, against the extravagance and luxury of the age, and though perhaps he carries his animosity too far, he hits some hard blows. His extraordinary conduct, in secluding himself from civilization, and living *a la* hermit in the woods, has induced many persons to think him crack-brained; but he is, we suspect, anything but a fool, and at worst is only one of those eccentrics, of whom New England produces so many.

NEW TANNING PROCESS.—At the Illinois State Fair, Mr. George W. Hatch, of Bureau, exhibited some specimens of leather tanned by a new process, invented by himself, after seven years' study of the subject, and patented. According to the reports, he claims to have secured by this invention the means of tanning calfskins in from thirty-six hours to twelve days, and thicker leather in from four to twenty days; and in a manner not only equal, but superior to the old method, and the one now in general use. No chemicals are used, the process being purely vegetable. The ingredients made use of are so plentiful and cheap that it must, if brought into general use, greatly reduce the price of leather. The specimens of leather tanned by this new process, excited the admiration of all dealers in leather.

☞ GOVERNOR AND ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.—A good anecdote of the two brothers we have from an old Indian. On one occasion, when the Marquis was passenger in his brother's ship, the Admiral, with the true sailor contempt for the red coats, sent a message to his brother: "Quartermaster, go tell that soldier officer he has no right to walk the weather side of his Majesty's quarter deck."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market continues entirely void of activity, there being very little demand, and the retailers and bakers purchasing only for the supply of their immediate wants. The receipts are limited, and the stock somewhat accumulating, but prices have undergone no quotable change. The sales for shipment comprise only 2,000 bbls at $5,56@5,75 ₱ bbl for a mixed and good brands; $5,75 for extra, and $6 for extra family, including 500 bbls of the latter on terms kept secret. The sales to the trade have been from $5,25 to 7 for common and fancy brands, according to quality. In Rye Flour there has been nothing doing, and holders nominally ask $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull, and has declined. Sales of 300 bbls Penna at $3,75@4,00—closing at the latter price.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been small this week, but there has been very little demand, and prices have declined 3@5c ₱ bush. Sales of 20,000 bush Southern, Penna, Kentucky and Tennessee at $1,21 for inferior and prime red, and $1,24@1,30 for white—closing at $1,18@1,20 for fair and prime red, and $1,28@1,30 for white. There has been a steady demand for Rye, and it has been taken on arrival at 73c for Southern, and 75c for Penna. Corn has been in fair request, but there has not been much offering, and prices have advanced 1@2c ₱ bush. Sales of 16,000 bush Southern at 74@75c, mostly afloat, closing at the latter rate. Oats are unsettled and lower. Sales of 19,000 bush Southern at 34@35c ₱ bush. A sale of 300 bush Penna Barley at 76c. Barley Malt is dull.

PROVISIONS—The supplies from the West have ceased, and the season may be considered as closed. Western Mess Pork is selling in a small way, at $23@23,50 ₱ bbl, cash. City Packed Mess Beef on hand, for ship stores, at $19, cash. Bacon—The market is nearly bare of all kinds, and we continue our former quotations, viz:—14@15c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 14@15c for Sides, and 12@13c ₱ lb, for Shoulders. Of Green Salted Meats the stocks are completely exhausted. Lard—Is in very limited supply, but there is not much inquiry. Small sales of barrels and tins at 15@15½c, and kegs at 16@17c ₱ lb, cash. Butter—Remains without change, although there has been more offering. Rolls sold packed at 14@15c. Cheese and Eggs continue as last quoted.

BARK—There has been a steady inquiry for Quercitron Bark, without change from last week's quotations. Sales of 30 hhds at $31 ₱ ton. The amount inspected during the quarter ending on the 1st inst. was 1649 hhds and 165 bgs. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Is in limited demand—small sales of Yellow at 25@26c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been some inquiry for Adamantine for packing purposes, and 1,000 boxes sold at about 22c ₱ lb on time. In other descriptions the transactions have been unimportant.

COAL—The trade continues in a very unsatisfactory condition. The orders from the East and have fallen off, and confidence has been so far prostrated that the dealers manifest no disposition to realize, except for cash. A number of Miners have dismissed their hands, and ceased operations.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet, and as the stock is accumulating, prices rather favor buyers.—Small sales of Rio at 10½@11c ₱ lb on time. Two cargoes, 1854 crop, have arrived since our last notice.

COPPER—Is very dull, and there has been little or nothing doing either in English Sheathing Copper or Yellow Metal.

COTTON—Has been in limited demand, as most of the manufacturers have ceased operations for the present. The receipts and stocks are small, and holders manifest readiness to force sales. The transactions comprise 200 bales Upland and New Orleans—mostly at 14@15½ ₱ lb cash.

DRUGS AND DYES—But very little doing in any kind. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3c@3c, 6 months; White Sugar of Lead at 13@14c, and Bleaching Powders at 3c, 6 months.

FEATHERS—There are not many offering. Small sales of Western at 30c ₱ lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel is limited, and prices are unsettled and lower. No arrivals sales have been reported. Small sales from store at $13,50 ₱ bbl for medium No. 1's; $12@12,50 for No. 2, and $9,50 for large 3's. We quote Herring at $4,25 ₱ box and Codfish at 3½ ₱ 100 lbs. The bbls of the former sold on private terms.

FRUIT—Raisins are scarce—but a cargo of new Malaga are daily expected. There has been very little doing in foreign: a few Havana Oranges sold at $5,50@6 ₱ bbl; Green Apples are selling from $1,25@3,25 ₱ bbl, as to quality. New Cranberries are selling at $7@8 ₱ bbl.

GINSENG—There has been nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—The season being over, the sales have been only on a small way at our former quotations, and the stocks are much reduced.

HEMP—There has been nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS—Are but little inquired after. We quote first sort Eastern and Western at 15@16c ₱ lb, with very limited sales.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but there has been nothing doing.

IRON—The market presents no new feature, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions. Some contracts made for Pig Metal early in the season have been cancelled, owing to the contested liability of the purchasers to comply with the terms of their contract, in the present financial crisis. Scotch Pig is still held at $28,6 months. Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice. We quote at 8½ ₱ lb, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a fair inquiry for the better grades of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but other kinds are not wanted.

LUMBER—Trade has been very dull—the season for building having been brought to a close by the unsettled state of monetary affairs.

MOLASSES—There has been nothing doing to fix prices of either foreign or domestic.

NAVAL STORES—Are very quiet. Sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch have been only in small lots at or last quotations. The stocks are very much reduced. The demand for Spirits of Turpentine has fallen off to 40c ₱ gallon. Sales of 150 bbls at 45c, cash.

OILS—But very little doing. Linseed Oil has again declined 1c@2c ₱ gallon. Small sales at 70c, cash. For Fish Oils there has not been much inquiry, and the sales have been limited within the range of our quotations. Lard Oil is steady at $1,15@1,20 ₱ gal., for No 1. In Red Oil nothing doing. Olive Oil is unchanged.

PAINTER—Continues dull. A sale of Soft wax made at $2,75 ₱ box.

RICE—Has been little inquired after, and prices remain without change. Small sales at 4½@5c ₱ lb on time.

SALT—There have been no transactions since our last notice.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and the sales are only in small lots at $5 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy dull. About 100 bushels prime sold at $2,1 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is worth $1,70@1,75.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant, and without change from former rates.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin there has been less doing, and prices of the former are less firm. N E Rum has declined to 30c. Whiskey meets a limited inquiry. Sales of 1000 Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls at 21@22c; bbls at 21c, and Drudge at 20@21c.

SUGAR—The market continues in the same state of depression noted at the close of last week. The trade are purchasing only to supply their immediate and pressing wants, and the refiners are holding off. Sales of 240 hhds Cuba at 7½@8c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

SUMAC—Is not inquired after. The last sales of Sicily were at $2@3 ₱ ton, 8 months.

TALLOW—Has again declined. Sales of Country at 8c ₱ lb, cash, and City at 9c. Rough Fat has fallen to 5c.

TEAS—There has been very little doing, and prices are nearly nominal.

TOBACCO—Is dull, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been in a small way, with a downward tendency in prices.

WINES—There has been nothing doing.

WOOL—Continues very quiet; most of the mills in this vicinity having ceased operations. Holders manifest no disposition to realize, except for cash, and prices are nominal.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 233 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" " '58	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	94
" " new	93	94½
" " 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	—
" " county "	—	—
Alle co RR's	—	—
Penn " 5 "	81½	82
" " coupon	83½	84½
Penn 5 pr ct	80	70
" 6 " coupon	78	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	97	—
Penn RR 6 pr ct	90	92
Bd int'est loan '53	70	72
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	67	69
P G & N RR "	57	60
Reading RR "	69	69½
" " mort "	72	75
H & Lan RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	—	—
Tioga RR "	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	80	81
Long I RR "	—	—
Sch Nav '82 "	51½	53
Lehigh Nav "	90	94
" Mort "	90	95
C & D C "	—	—
Sus & Tid "	40	50
Union Canal	32	45
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	62	65
2d " 7 pr ct	—	30
Catawissa "	47	50
North Penna 6 pr ct	43½	45½
RAILROAD STOCK		
Cam & Amboy	84	85
Penna	35½	36
Bea Meadow	45	45½
North Penna	44	47
Phil Ger & Nor	53	54½
Reading	15½	16½
Mine Hill	52	53
Har & Lan	48	52
Chester Val	—	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	20
P W & Balt	18	20
Long Island	84	84
Will sport & Elmira	9	11
Catawissa	6	8
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	7½	10
" preferred	13½	14
Lehigh Nav	65	66½
Morris consolidated	30	30
" preferred	80	81
C & Del	—	—
Union	3	31
Sus & Tidewater	10	12
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	—	—
Penna	51	57
Phila	—	105
Far & Mec	—	82
Commercial	—	60
N Liberty	—	60
Mechanics	25	—
Southwark	—	80
P Township	—	—
Kensington	—	—
Girard	70	8
Western	—	—
Man & Mech	—	—
Commerce	—	—
Tradesmen's	—	—
City	—	40
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	—	—
Kentucky	—	—
Northern, Ky.	—	—
Louisville, Ky.	—	—
Farmers, Ky.	97½	—
Union, Nash Tenn	—	100
Plant's, Tenn.	—	105
Com & R Vicks	—	—
N O Gas Lt	105	—

SUGGESTIVE FACT.—A few months since, the partner of a commercial house in this city was taken to a lunatic asylum, utterly deranged, as was said, by his unparalleled prosperity in business. During the year previous, his firm had cleared $1,200,000. He died in the Asylum, and his own estate was valued at $2,500,000, all invested in the concern of which he was a partner. The firm itself failed the other day, and is now said to be utterly insolvent. One item of the assets of the deceased's estate was a thousand shares of the Illinois Central Railroad stock, which was selling at the time of his decease at $140 a share, and which was worth, after paying up the instalments, $500,000. The same property sold yesterday at public sale for $50,000.

All this occurred within eighteen months—the prosperity, the insanity, the decease, and the insolvency.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Wit and Humor.

JOHN CHINAMAN AND THE YANKEE.

A San Francisco paper relates the following incident, as having occurred lately at a shoe store in that city. The parties concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman. Examining a pair of boots, the price of which was $5, John inquired—

"How muchee you axee for um bootee?"

In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied—

"Two dollars and a halfee, John. Very cheap bootee, sintee?"

"Cheap bootee," said John, who thereupon examined a pair, and concluded to buy, offering a quarter eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one boot. They are $2½ a piece—two boots cost $5."

John was somewhat astonished—said he would not buy—and demanded the return of his money, but the man of leather was inexorable.

"No, John," said the latter, "you have got one boot, and have paid me for it. Now give me another piece just like this, and take the other."

John saw the drift of the game, and was at once resolved.

"Well," said he, "this bootee be mine, may be—I paid for um?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me the other bootee?" asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, "I do um bootee what I likes—I cuttee um up."

And thereupon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces, and threw it into the street, exclaiming as he departed—

"That um my bootee—that other be your bootee; you sell um to next fool Chinaman what come along."

At last accounts the Yankee boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save expenses.

THE SPECTACLES.—Greatly amused we were, the other day, while observing a foppish gentleman, who sat looking over his glasses, while reading a newspaper. He had become so interested in an article of news, that he had forgotten his window-glass spectacles, and they had so worked their way downward to the termination of his nose, that his nostrils, instead of his eyes, were in focus with the glasses.

A waggish acquaintance of his, who was overflowing with good-nature, approached him, saying:

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear those gold-bowed spectacles?"

"Ah, Mr. Smith, because I am near-sighted."

"Near-sighted?" exclaimed Smith, "*near-sighted?* I thought, from appearance, you were *near-scented.*"

Jones looked confused for a moment, and then added:

"I am far from being *near-scented*, for I knew you were in the room before I saw you!"

Jones and Smith looked indignant at one another. At length Smith said:

"*Jones, I guess we are about even*—let's treat one another." Jones and Smith were soon friends again.—*Olive Branch.*

GETTING IN BY COUNT.—"Horn's Minstrels," (advertised on the canvas to be "From all the principal theatres and museums") have performed outside "Camp Moorse" for the past three days, and on Tuesday evening, a few of the Greenfield boys thought that a sight of "Horn" might pay, so they visited his "show." Just as they reached his tent, a member of the City Guards requested them to "hold on" and he would get them in *cheap*. They "held on," and he, *slapping* the door-keeper familiarly on the shoulder, requested that functionary to "count them" as they went in. The door-keeper did so.

"Have you got 'em counted?" inquired City Guard.

"Yes," the door-keeper *had*.

"Well, good evening," remarked City Guard, and left.

It is needless to say that the unfortunate door-keeper, unable to identify the fellows inside, made nothing by his "motion" in the "count."—*Springfield Republican.*

RAILROAD WIT.—We recently (says an exchange) took a trip west, and while passing over one of the railroads on the route, and being fond of "the weed," had taken a seat in the baggage car for the purpose of indulging in a good "Havana," a nervous individual entered the car, and commenced overhauling the baggage. The baggage-master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him with—"What's wanting, sir?" "I'm looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man. "I will take care of your trunk, sir—that is *my* business," retorted the baggage-master. "Oh, I am aware of that, sir; but I would always much rather keep my trunk *under my eye.*" "Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elephant."

GUMPTION.—A French Advocate manifested considerable shrewdness, when Red Republicanism was at its height, to save the life of a friend, who had rendered himself obnoxious as an ultra Royalist. "I am here to day," he said, "to defend a Royalist, a man who from early boyhood to the present time has grown up at my side, and for whom I personally feel an attachment. His politics are not mine, his sympathies are not mine, for all know that I am a staunch Republican; but, Mr. President, Royalists have become so very scarce, that we must not condemn the last one we know of." The pleasantry of the suggestion had its effect.

MISS HOOPS' VIEW.—In one of Caroline Gilman's romances, (library copy,) this passage was marked and much thumbed:—

"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man—I watch him as I do a star in heaven."

"That is my view—ex-actly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume; "in fact, I think that there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he *isn't* conscientious."

EXPLAINING THE MEANING OF THE WORD "MYSTERY."—"I say, Murphy, what's the maning of mystery? faith, I was reding the peper, and it said 'twas a mystery how it was done."

"Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll tach ye. Ye see, whin I lived with me father, a little gossoon, they giv a parthy, and me mother wint to marked to buy somethin' for the parthy to ate, and among a lot of things, she bot a half a barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bless her sowl, for safe keeping, till the parthy come on, do ye see. Well, when the parthy come on, me mother sint me down cellar to get some of the pork, do ye see; well, I wint down to the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but divil a bit of pork cou'd I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat-hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine standing, do ye see."

"Hould on, Murphy! hould on! wait a bit; now tell me how could all the pork git out av the barrel, and lave the brine standing?"

"Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know mesilf, do ye see; there's the mystery."

APPECTIONATE RELATIVES.—A youth of seventeen meeting an acquaintance in the street, says:

"Guess who's dead."

"Mr. Jones, I suppose; I heard he was very sick."

"No, it ain't; it's my ma! She died this morning."

The other: "A man from the country called in at a hardware store in town, and asking for a new kind of reaping-machine recently introduced. He was requested to walk back into another part of the store, and it would be shown to him. As he was going on, he saw a huge circular saw, and, tapping it with his hand as he passed, he said:

"I had an old daddy cut in two with one of them things the other day!"

Tender-hearted creatures, both these fellows!

PRETTY FAIR.—A rough spoken clergyman in an argument before his vestry, said of one of his deacons—

"I think brother B. is a fool to-night."

The deacon calmly replied, "I am not a fool, but if his reverence has a right to call me brother, I admit that I am akin to one!"

TREES AND THEIR USES.

The value of the forest tree is beginning to be appreciated not only in a physical but economical point of view, and each new treatise serving to show the necessity which exists for preserving and cultivating trees, is to be welcomed as a contribution to the public weal. An article on this subject in the *North American Review*, is calculated to disseminate much wholesome truth bearing on the subject. Already the rapid destruction of the forest has been in a measure arrested, partly in consideration of the prospective wants of the railroad and ship-builder, and the process of restoration has been commenced, by replanting many acres with young trees. After speaking of trees as an ornament, and the many classical memories which they serve to perpetuate, as the "rugged yew trees" where Gray lies buried—to "*Milton's mulberry*" and the "*Avon willows*"—the reviewer speaks of trees as productive property as follows:—

"It can be demonstrated that the best use for the larger part of the cleared land of New England, would be to plant forest trees upon it. There is, except in the rich gardens close around the cities, no land so profitable, no land which pays so good an interest on its cost, as wood land. In some parts of Massachusetts a man who owns a hundred acres of pasture is little better than a bankrupt; while he who owns a hundred acres of forest is independently rich. The first must pay taxes on what does not pay for its culture; while the second can cut off enough to meet the annual interest, yet have more at the end than at the beginning. We once heard an eccentric genius maintain that his wood land, about fifty acres in all, though he had bought it, and paid for it a good round sum, some thirty years before, had in reality never cost him a cent, 'For,' said he, 'I have cut off wood enough to pay not only the original outlay; but to meet all the worth of the money at compound interest, and to cover all the charges, and now I have more wood than I found there at the beginning.' It was a rational logic enough. We are confident that, at the present prices of timber and fuel, the profits of woodland to our New England farmers are at least three times as great as the profits of the land which they cultivate with so much labor. The experiment of planting locusts on Long Island has proved that lands, before considered valueless, may become the most precious possession of their owners. Thousands of acres now lying waste might, with very small outlay, be made to yield very great returns. The length of time that must pass before the profit of the artificial forests can be tested, undoubtedly deters many from planting them. Very few men like to make an investment of which the returns begin to come only after twenty or thirty years. But every man knows that whatever raises the value of his land is as sure profit as that which actually puts cash into his pocket. There seems to be less promise in an acre of young locusts than in an acre of thriving turnips; but in twenty years the value of all the annual turnips will not begin to reach the value of the trees. The longer the planter is willing to wait, the greater will be his ratio of gain.

"It is recommended that on every farm of respectable size there should be a season for the annual planting of trees. Unlike other crops, they enrich rather than impoverish the soil. Moreover, trees preserve the snow (the 'poor man's manure,') and, by breaking the wind, secure a more even covering of snow to the ground. The sudden alternations of freshets and drought are also prevented.

"The French Government, which has done more than any other in the cultivation of forests, rather favors this theory, and encourages the separation of kinds, where large returns are expected. In the department of Landes it has chiefly replanted pines; on the slopes of the Pyrenees the box is the favorite variety; while in Brittany and Normandy the linden abounds. In Scotland the larch has been most extensively cultivated, and more than ten thousand acres, with more than fourteen millions of trees, were planted in less than a century, by the single family of Athol. This example has been copied in other parts of Europe, and one is often surprised to find, in secluded places, like the region of the Tegernsee, in Southern Bavaria, beautiful artificial forests of larches. In Greece, the prepossession seems to have been for plain-trees, and on the hills of Laconia, a recent traveller, M. About, has remarked the wanton and wasteful destruction of these noble monuments of the Turkish dominion."

The writer says: "If the rate of disappearance goes on for the next half century as it has for the last, the child is now living who will see the soil of New England everywhere as bare as the soil of Attica, and its noble rivers shrunken in summer, like Acheloüs and Cephisus, to shallow brooks."

FIRST LABORER.—"Why, Jack, what's all that?"
SECOND LABORER.—"Well, I can't say, unless it's *fireworks!*"

Useful Receipts.

CLEANING SADDLES, &c.—The following is a good recipe which will give saddles and bridles a good polish, and be entirely free from all stickiness:—The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin and put into a common wine-bottle, and filled up with water.

CLARIFIED CIDER.—Mix one quart each of lime and clean, dry ashes, and two quarts new milk. Pour these into a hogshead of cider just from the press. In ten hours it is fit to rack.

CIDER WINE AND CHAMPAGNE.—An excellent article may be made by adding three pounds of sugar to each gallon of clarified cider, letting it stand three months to ferment. By bottling the above, and adding to each a small lump of sugar, a new fermentation will be excited. Wire down the corks and you will soon have fit for use, proper sparkling cider champagne.

TO MAKE OLD SILVER AS GOOD AS NEW.—A desideratum long sought for has now been achieved—that is, a means of perfectly cleaning articles of silver without injury to the metal. It is the discovery of Professor Bottger, a German. Take a glass or glazed vessel sufficiently large for the purpose; fill it with a strong solution of borax or of caustic potash: drop into it an inner vessel made of zinc, and pierced with holes as a sieve. Then take your silver, and plunge it into the liquid, moving it up and down, being careful that at each plunge it comes in contact with the zinc. The effect is magical; for under the combined action of the solution and of the electricity evolved by the contact of the two metals, the silver loses all its dirt and discolorations, and becomes as bright as when first manufactured. Should it not be convenient to use the inner vessel of zinc, the cleansing may be accomplished by sinking the silver in the solution and stirring it about with a small rod of zinc It is essential to success that the two metals touch each other frequently.

PEAR MARMALADE.—A very excellent marmalade may be made with pears, to use in making tartlets. Boil six good sized pears to a pulp, weigh them, take half their weight of sugar, put it into a saucepan with a very little water, boil it, and skim it while boiling; when boiled to a crack add the pulp of the pears, give it a boil, and add about four drops of essence of cloves; when it is cold, it is ready for use.

HARD SOAP FOR FAMILY USE.—Take two pounds of clear grease to one pound of rosin; make this into soft soap, and while it is boiling, to every ten gallons of soap add one gallon of salt. Boil one hour after adding the salt. When it is done boiling, the soap will be at the top and the ley at the bottom. Skim off the soap; keep it and gently stir it in a leaky vessel, so that the ley will all run out the same as buttermilk does out of butter; then work the soap as butter is worked, until it is as thick as hasty pudding; then set it away to cool. Turpentine or tar will answer instead of rosin, but are not so good. Any refuse salt is good enough, or old pickle.

Another: Omit the rosin, and make as above. When the soap is skimmed off, and the ley all drained out, add boiling water to the soap, three parts water to four of soap; stir well together, and continue to stir it gently as long as it is thin enough to settle level.

MILK BATHS.—Lola Montez, in her lecture on beauty, tells a story of a certain city where the use of milk baths, by ladies, for the preservation of their beauty, became so general that it produced a scarcity of the article, and finally the police discovered that the dealers obtained their supplies for tea and coffee by purchasing of servants what had been used for their employers' bath!"

Agricultural.

SWEATING HUNTERS.

[The following, by Harry Hieover, in the "London Field," will be interesting to American horsemen, as showing how they bring their horses into hunting trim in England.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

In answer to a correspondent's request, forwarded through the editor of The Field, I will give the best information I can on this subject. The first inquiry is "When should hunters begin their sweats, in order to get them into condition?" In reply to this, horses should be pretty far advanced in condition before any attempt is made to sweat them. We will not suppose our querist to have had the bad judgment to let his horses become absolutely out of condition during the non-hunting months; but will suppose their stamina has been kept up during that period, so far as feeding and regular gentle exercise goes (excepting of course the case of invalids from sickness or lameness.) The other horses we will conclude, in point of flesh, to be neither much below par nor above it. We will call ourselves at the beginning of August. If they have had their two feeds of corn, more or less, as they required it, during the months of May and June, they should get three from the middle of July; and as their exercise, for we will not call it work, begins about the middle of August, we will give them from that period four feeds a day, to enable them to meet the gentle gallops we shall give them the latter part of the month; and the stronger in point of length and pace we give them gradually as the month advances. It is now, we will say, the beginning of September; the daily gallops for a fortnight we shall find has made some difference in them; they are approaching their hunting form, which we suppose them never to have totally lost—for it is not as formerly, when during the summer a horse was allowed to accumulate as much fat inside and out as a strong constitution might produce, and this the effect of luxuriant pasture. Our horses, though a little high in flesh, have never through the summer been absolutely fat; that exercise and an occasional canter has kept down; so we may now with safety give them a sweat. This answers the first query, as to the time of the year when hunters should, in a general way, sweat. We will sweat them all; but for the convenience of stable help when a horse returns to his stable, or wherever he may be scraped, we will only sweat one or two at a time. Some we may not judge it necessary or advisable to give more than a couple of sweats to, just, as our groom would probably say, to "clear their skins a bit;" others may require a sweat every fourth or fifth day, to get rid of any internal fat, the existence of which we shall judge by the state of the horse when pulled up. If he blows more than we would wish, though we will suppose we have made the pace a slow gallop, being his first sweat, we may infer this to be the case; but if he pulls up cheerful, only breathing with the usual quickened motion produced by a gallop, we need not fear, but may go on with his sweats, gradually increasing the pace. From the beginning of September to (say) the 1st of October we have thirty days. Some horses will throw up flesh so fast that on full feed (for observe, our horses since the first sweat have had their five quarterns per day) we may find it necessary, commencing the 1st of September, to sweat them nearly every fifth day, which, supposing we finish on the first of October, would give us seven sweats; but not one horse in ten would require such strong preparations. I should say a sweat every sixth day is enough for most hunters, and a great deal too much for many. Sweating relieves the internal organs of the horse, reduces any obstruction, and thereby produces clearness of wind, or, in other words, removes any obstruction to it; for where there really exists none, a horse may be got in perfect wind without any sweating at all. My querist will, from what I have said, be able to answer himself his second question, namely, "How many sweats are usually requisite for a hunter?" He will see this totally depends on the constitution of the horse. Query the third is "Whether a trot or a gallop is the best pace for sweating?" It is a universal practice that the first sweat or two should be at a very slow pace. The querist may therefore please himself whether he chooses his horse to go a very slow gallop or a moderate trot: though the latter pace and sweaters on a horse would appear somewhat of an incongruity to a trainer, no matter, so long as the horse goes any pace that causes a profuse sweat, and is not fast enough to distress him, I should say it little matters what pace he goes, though, except in the case of professed trotters, the trot is unusual in such cases.

It is a matter of some importance—indeed, of the greatest—to regulate the sweats in connection with the forward or reverse condition of the horse. When he is taking his first sweat, he will neither require the same quantity of clothing, nor to go any like the same pace that will be necessary afterwards to produce a profuse sweat, which must be done if we sweat him at all. Be his condition, what it may, as regards forwardness, to merely heat a horse's blood without producing the relief of proper evacuation by perspiration, or rather sweat, would only be likely to produce feverish symptoms, and breaking out in second sweats—an effort of nature to endeavor to prevent the ill consequences of bad judgment.

I once met an acquaintance with a horse whose coat was none of the finest, going without clothing to a riding-school, where, as he said, he had permission for his groom to "give him a bit of a sweat to lay his coat." "Do so, if you please," said I; "but half sweating him will make him ten times worse. He will, after it, set up his coat like a hedgehog." However, he gave him the *bit of a sweat*, and his horse showed a coat like a shoe-brush till the ensuing summer.

As horses advance in condition they require additional sweating clothing, and the pace made better to get the sweat out of them. At first a slow gallop of perhaps a couple of miles, or two miles and a half, will, if properly clothed, be sufficient to produce the effect we want. Towards the end of their sweats, when their condition is getting nearly perfect, they will have to go in their sweats four miles or more, dependent on the facility or difficulty of producing a proper sweat from particular horses. This sweat will at first show frothy, lather-like, and impure. The last sweat or two it will come from the horse like pure water. I have mentioned *proper sweats*. Perhaps it may not be out of place to state what I consider as such. I hold a horse to have arrived at the proper pitch of sweating when we see it run from under his clothing, or, more properly speaking, sweaters, and trickle down his arms; he is then in a fit state to scrape. To go on after this would be, in a general way, as unnecessary, nay, injudicious, as to strip him and to attempt (for it would be only an attempt) to scrape him before we see him in the state I describe. I will suppose the querist or his groom to know the difference between a horse's sweaters and ordinary body-clothes, also, how to put them on; for it would be of little use loading a horse with clothes so put on as to fly up and admit the current of air or wind to his body. I suppose him to also know how a horse is to be treated after sweating. So, having answered as well as I can the queries he has put to me, I have only to wish him a good hunting season, and health to enjoy it.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

The senior publisher of this paper (*The Illinoisian*) has cultivated, during the present year, one-eighth of an acre of ground in Chinese cane. It was planted in drills, in the same manner you would plant a crop of corn through which you desired to plough only one way. There was no extra attention given either to the cultivation, handling or saving of the crop.

The fodder was first taken, and afterwards the seed. The cane was then cut and crushed by means of an imperfect wooden mill, and the juice manufactured into molasses in about the same manner you would make molasses from our common sugar tree, boiling and skimming it until it attained a proper thickness and color.

It makes a very desirable article of molasses, and superior, in some respects, to the article we now purchase at New Orleans. We have a sample on hand, which we would be pleased to show to all such persons as may take an interest in the cultivation of the Chinese cane. The result of our observation of what has passed under our own eye, during the current year, enables us to say that the yield of one year of this cane, properly cultivated in drills, would be about as follows:

YIELD OF ONE ACRE OF CHINESE CANE.

150 gallons of molasses—average price (for five years) 35 cts.	$52 50
100 bushels of seed	25 00
Fodder from the same	10 00
	$87 50

EXPENSES.

For cultivation, ploughing, seeding, gathering, grinding cane, and barrels for molasses	$32 50
Profit of one acre, after deducting everything shape of charge against crop	$55 00

In the above calculation we have made a large estimate for expenses, larger, we believe than would necessarily occur. For instance, we charge ten dollars for getting out the seed, whereas a farmer would feed it in the same way he would his clover. This item should then, of course, be deducted as a charge, less the expense of cutting.

We are fully impressed that the cultivation of the Chinese cane is a subject that interests our farmers greatly, and that they should take hold of the subject and investigate the whole matter fully for themselves. Doubtless the Patent Office at Washington City will make a full report on the subject during the approaching winter, which will be of great value to all interested in the importance and value of the growth and culture of the cane, and of not only rendering the great West independent, so far as the article of sugar and molasses are concerned for their own consumption, but for the purpose of making a sufficiency for the supply of all foreign demand.—*Shawneetown Illinoisian.*

TO PREVENT SPROUTS.—Many trees are liable to throw up sprouts for yards around, and for years after being cut down, to the great plague and trouble of the owner of the soil, keeping him digging and grubbing to remove the sprouts to the detriment of his crops and his own patience—such for instance as locust, poplar, gum and others. To prevent this, all that is necessary, after cutting down the tree, is to bore a hole, say ten to twelve inches down into the stump, and fill with common salt. This will kill the living principle to the utmost extent of the roots. The best time probably would be some time in August, though I have killed locust in spring, and gum in August, while others that I did not salt kept me grubbing for years.

RECIPE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Lemon juice is relied on by the physicians of London for curing rheumatism. Three tablespoonfuls per day is a dose for a man.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 21, 8, 13, 18, 9, 10, 15, 7, 55, is a sound between the northwestern part of Prince William's Land and the southern coast of the most eastern of the North Georgian Islands.

My 29, 43, 21, 17, 27, 11, 33, was a nymph beloved by Apollo.

My 43, 12, 44, 55, 2, 25, is a river in the western part of British America.

My 18, 31, 32, 43, 19, 3, 26, was a famous Greek soothsayer.

My 10, 5, 46, 4, 2, 32, is a river in the eastern part of Oregon Territory.

My 6, 5, 24, 22, 9, 21, 20, 16, 37, was the son of Lucifer.

My 28, 54, 16, 21, 5, is a volcanic mountain in the southern part of Iceland.

My 7, 18, 41, 35, 26, 13, was a companion of Cadmus.

My 13, 5, 53, 35, 9, 1, 20, 17, 10, 7, 30, 34, is a bay in the eastern part of Rhode Island.

My 50, 5, 36, 9, was the goddess of report.

My 5, 35, 18, 45, 39, 43, is an ocean that surrounds the North Pole, and borders on the Northern part of Europe, Asia and North America.

My 14, 5, 21, 9, 32, 7, 29, was a daughter of Nereus and Doris, passionately beloved by Polyphemus.

My 30, 2, 55, 49, 16, 10, 5, is a strait that separates Formosa Island from the southeastern part of China.

My 47, 5, 3, 7, 10, was a title of Pluto.

My 5, 15, 21, 0, 13, 27, 48, 12, is an ocean lying between the Old and New Worlds.

My 12, 5, 13, 15, 53, 7, was the beautiful wife of Iphis.

My 5, 13, 15, 2, 17, 40, 12, 21, 10, is a bay in the northeastern part of Madagascar Island.

My 21, 5, 19, 11, 7, 10, 12, 25, was one of the three Fates.

My 11, 5, 9, 9, 12, 20, is the largest of the Sandwich Islands.

My whole is a beautiful tribute to the immortal Washington. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 7, 18, 17, 15, 7, 5, 21, is a division of South America.

My 4, 9, 5, 10, 2, is a country in Europe.

My 19, 14, 15, 20, 12, is a river in Africa.

My 11, 5, 15, 9, 16, 8, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 1, 20, 5, 4, 15, 5, is a river in the Middle States.

My 3, 19, 14, 11, 12, 9, 20, 18, is a river in Europe.

My 12, 20, 9, 14, 12, 11, 4, is a river in Asia.

My 14, 10, 1, 4, 19, 16, 14, 13, is a river in the United States.

My whole is an American female poet. NEPTUNE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With rod and line, to the river side
I went one morn in May,
And caught nothing but my first,
Though fishing patiently all day.

For better luck my second I tried,
But found it would not pay,
So together my fish I tied,
And homeward went my way.

While walking along the pebbly shore,
I stooped to take a drink,
And found my whole, for you to guess,
Lying close to the river's brink.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first doth give refreshment to the earth,
Without it vegetation 'd have no birth;
My next was used in olden times in war—
To shoot afar;
To man, my whole 's the pledge of endless love
From One above. GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a structure large and neat,
Five letters spell me quite complete.
My first two and two last,
Is used by firemen the fire to blast.
My first, third and fifth, wherever there's light,
Is distinguished on every thing except pure white.
My whole is used by every enlightened man,
And has been ever since civilization began.

Tiffin, Ohio. JOHN W. CRAMER.

ANAGRAMS
ON CITIES AND TOWNS IN THE U. STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Dear Gin!	7. L Can ran to
2. L C L and Eve	8. O my nose
3. Hod Race	9. Han Leg Aly
4. Aint u Lois S	10. Red wat for?
5. R Spitts bug	11. Had r fort?
6. Wen Donnol?	12. Nutt mare.

Pittburg, Pa. CAMPNELLA.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a number composed of two digits. The sum of the cubes of the digits is to the difference of their cubes as 559 to 127; and the square of the tens digit multiplied by the units digit is equal to 224.—What is the number? J. M. B., *Jr.*

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a flower like a flower? Ans.—When it is "piony" (peony.)

☞ When is a farmer like a seamstress? Ans.—When he sows tares (sews tears.)

☞ When are wet clothes like a bell? Ans.—When they are getting rung (wrung.)

☞ Why is the letter T a friend to the hatter? Ans.—Because it makes a rim trim.

☞ When is a pigeon like a drinking vessel? Ans.—When it's a tumbler.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

LITERARY ENIGMA.—Oliver Goldsmith, born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Templetonian Institute. CHARADE.—Brigham Young (Brig-Ham-Young. CHARADE.—New Orleans (New-or-leans.) ANAGRAMS.—1. Moderation; 2. Astronomer; 3. Patience; 4. Miniature; 5. Enigmatical; 6. Consideration; 7. Administration; 8. Winchester Descriptions; 9 Winchester; 10. Ostentatiously; 11. Duffield. PROBLEM.—The numbers are 45 and 36.

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.—Upon one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Robinson was preaching, he dropped the immediate discourse and made this observation:—"It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term ocular demonstration—I will explain it to you. I look into the table-pew, and I *see* a young man, in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat, *fast asleep.*" On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "of that I have ocular demonstration." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

☞ Brown had been in love with a young lady, and asked permission to call her by the name of some animal, which request was granted, on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, Brown said, "Good-night, *dear.*" "Good-night, *bore,*" said she. Brown has since quit the company of young ladies.